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THE FALL OF PARIS.

TERRIBLE and heartrending are the tidings from Paris. The boasted capital of civilisation has offered to the world a spectacle of horror and crime which has perhaps never before been recorded in history. In the entire story, as it has been told in the columns of our daily contemporaries during the past fortnight, there is not one redeeming trait, not one touch of humanity to save all concerned from being classed with the most ferocious of the wild beasts of the jungle. Nay, even far below these must Nationalists and Communists both be placed, for the carnivora at least have courage, while these, with all their blood thirstiness, their ferocity, and their useless cruelty, are cowards of the most contemptible character. Not much is there to choose between the follower of the Commune and the soldier of the Assembly. For while the first shot ruthlessly the good old Archbishop of Paris and the unarmed and unresisting priests they had dragged from the altars, the latter have wreaked their vengeance on women and children. Fyot and Gallifet are names that may well be handed down to the execrations of posterity in union. It is natural, perhaps, that in the first excitement of hearing of the crimes of the Communists, of their undoubted intention to destroy Paris utterly, an intention

which had been deliberately adopted, and very nearly carried into execution, we should be inclined to exclaim that there could be no extenuation for their crimes, and that almost any vengeance was justifiable.

But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the diabolical measures taken for the destruction of the city—which were only frustrated by the unexpected advance of the Versailles troops—were in all probability the work of very few heads and hands. That the enormous majority of those who supported the Commune did so in utter ignorance of its worst actions, and not so much from any love to it as from hatred and contempt of the Versailles, feelings which, it must be admitted, were not altogether undeserved. It is certain, therefore, that the indiscriminate and reckless executions, which, to the number of thousands, have taken place without any shadow of examination, of trial, or of condemnation, have in all probability included many innocent with the guilty. Moreover, in shooting prisoners without inquiry and legal sentence, the Versailles are no less murderers than those who executed Monsieur Darboy himself.

Sweeping, indeed, as it seems to include an entire nation in one wholesale condemnation, it is impossible in this instance to do otherwise. It is admitted on all hands that the creatures of the Commune, the men whose religion it

was not to believe in God or in any form of faith, never exceeded 100,000, and yet this handful of the lowest and vilest citizens was allowed by the so-called Party of Order to give laws, and enforce them, to the millions of Paris. Strangely enough, too, this minority were not men of tried bravery or well-disciplined habits, but those who, during the Prussian siege, had constantly absented themselves from the posts of danger. Nevertheless, the heads of the organization (said in most cases to be foreign delegates of the International Association, an enormous trade's-union, the head-quarters of which we are sorry to say is believed to be in London, presided over and directed by men who have been considerably pandered to by the present Prime Minister), contrived not merely to govern Paris without opposition, but even to take means to destroy it, almost with the concurrence of those who would be the greatest sufferers by the condemnation. Then, too, it cannot be denied that the Government at Versailles was equally culpable, equally wanting in energy, with its supposed allies within the walls. A bold front shown to the insurrection at first, instead of a precipitate flight, would probably have sufficed to suppress it with little bloodshed. But no! M. Thiers, with all his patriotism, could not endure that his fortifications should be overcome *secundum artem*. Therefore he, too must share the



THE MOTHER'S HOPE.



responsibility with the Assembly of all the horrors that have since occurred.

From one point of view, perhaps, as sad a characteristic of the story as the bloodshed itself is the almost incredible statement, in which all the English correspondents agree, that, by Tuesday last, Paris was resuming its old gaiety. Crowds were thronging the Boulevards in search of enjoyment and pleasure, the *cafés* were filled, the theatres which have escaped destruction were daily expected to re-open, and it was even rumoured that several of them were preparing sensation spectacles founded on the events just passed. At one theatre, it is said, a great feature was to be a startling ballet of *petroleuses*—women, that is, preparing to lay down their trains of petroleum for blowing up public buildings. Voltaire certainly knew his countrymen well, and his assertion that they were half monkeys half tigers can no longer be deemed the satire we have heretofore been content to consider it. One would have thought that Frenchmen of all classes would have been afflicted with mourning and humiliation for the infancy that has fallen upon the land, and that all would have joined in an endeavour to wipe away the stain by the exhibition of a moral restraint, and determination to reorganise the shattered institutions of the nation. But even now, as ever, *Vive la bagatelle* seems the uppermost thought in every Frenchman's mind, and it will not soon be forgotten by Englishmen how, at the very moment even we—as foreigners—were sickening at the news of the burning of the Louvre and the other public buildings of Paris, natives and residents of that city were to be found joining in the great English carnival at Epsom, and starting horses in eager competition for contemptible prizes, as though all were well at home. They fulfilled while Paris was burning!

The future of a country thus plunging at one leap from one extreme to another—untainted by foreign defeat, unshamed by such civil outrages as no other age or land can equal—is dark indeed. How it is to arise from its degradation it is hard for the stranger to conceive, when its own citizens seem unable to realise, or even to care for the ordeal they are passing through, and instead of devoting themselves to the rehabilitation of the national character, to be anxious only about the plots of the new pieces which busy dramatists and scene painters are concocting, to perpetuate the horrors of this last and most fearful orgie of blood and crime! We can only hope that the divinity they have denied will shape their ends to some wise and happy result, rough hew them how they may.

WE are told that "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

ONE of the discoveries of the microscope is that the liquor in an oyster-shell contains multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells and swimming nimbly about, besides many other microscopic animals.

The following is an epitaph on the death of a young lady engaged to be married:—

"The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding-dress provided;
But ere the wedding-day arrived
She sickened and she died!"

THE "WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS."—This new mattress, which has just been introduced into St. Thomas's Hospital after a very careful examination by the medical staff, is formed of a fabric of fine wire coiled and interwoven its entire length, by a process of double-weaving, so that with great durability is combined the most delicate elasticity. The wire is carefully tinned, and presents a very attractive appearance. Among the advantages of this mattress are its great cleanliness (as it cannot possibly harbour dirt), its comfort far exceeding that of an ordinary spring mattress, its adaptability to all climates, and its cheapness. While, therefore, it is invaluable to hospitals, from the ease with which it is disinfected, it is an equally desirable addition to every household.

AN extraordinary story is reported from Prussian Poland. It appears that among the Poles and Hungarians the myth of vampires still finds credence. A country squire at Koslazin, in Posen, died some months ago, his death being speedily followed by that of his eldest son and the dangerous illness of several of his relatives, all which cases occurred as suddenly as they seemed unaccountable. The deceased was at once suspected of being a vampire, rising from his grave and sucking the blood of his surviving friends. To prevent further mischief his second son determined to chop off the corpse's head, for which enterprise he obtained the assistance of some equally superstitious peasants at a very high price. The head was to be laid with the feet, while an assistant collected the blood dropping from the neck in a vessel, to give to the relatives to drink. The deed was delayed by the interference of the parish priest, but was in the end effected at night, not, however, without an unskilful witness. The case is now before the Prussian Court of Appeals. The local Court had sentenced the desecrators of the churchyard to three months' imprisonment, and it seems likely that they will still have to pay that penalty for their superstition.

WITCHCRAFT.—It is comforting to remember that England is not the only country in which the old belief in witchcraft still leads to acts of barbarous stupidity. India also has its witch-finders, who differ from ours only in the remedy applied to the complaint. A case of witch-swinging has just been reported from Oodipore in Rajpootana. The headman of a Bhel village was taken ill, and a witch-finder was employed to discover the culprit who had caused his sickness. The supposed witch, "Deeta, wife of Loi," was first put to the water test. A bamboo being firmly embedded at the bottom of a pond, she had to let herself down by it to the bottom, and there stay while somebody shot an arrow from his bow and another ran to pick it up. Her guilt was proved by her coming up to breathe before the right time. She was thereupon taken to a tamarind tree, her eyes bound with a bandage of red chillies, and herself swung by the heels, head downwards, for two days and a half, in order to make her confess the crime. At night she used to be taken down and fed, but the rope was never untied. At last the poor wretch was somewhat freed from her torturers, who probably left her on the ground for dead. Unfortunately for the witch-finder, his exploit brought him into the hands of the political assistant, who most unkindly sentenced him to five years' imprisonment. His accomplices are said to have suffered very barbarous treatment from the native officials into whose hands they fell. If they did, they will certainly take good care not to swing a witch too near an inhabited neighbourhood.—*Allen's Indian Mail.*

"LOVE, HONOUR, AND OBEY."

A NOVEL OF SOCIETY.

(Written specially for the LADY'S OWN PAPER.)



CHAPTER IV.

ONE of the loveliest of our English counties there is a district sufficiently near the sea to give a rough invigorating briny taste to the atmosphere, and yet so sheltered by hills on every side as to present a picture crowded with all the beauties of inland sylvan scenery. From the firgirt sides of the hill to the north, on whose sides are browsing numerous sheep and goats, issues a spring which, falling with a merry murmur over the numerous impediments in its course, and fed by sister springs, and brooklets innumerable, soon increases to a respectable stream, and then, rising to the dignity of a small river, winds like a broad ribbon of silver through the valley, dividing it into two irregular but nearly equal halves, and serving at the same time as the natural boundary of two estates.

Rising in gentle ascents from the banks of this river on both sides, the valley presents a rich diversity of pasture, of woodland, and of waving cornfields almost ripe for the sickle. These are interspersed with farmhouses and villages, in most of which the one conspicuous object is the modest spire, or more ancient tower peeping up through the trees to tell the position of the church.

On the western side of the valley, about half-way between the stream and the surrounding hills, is a large house of modern character, standing in the midst of an extensive park, and surrounded by luxurious gardens laid out in the style popularised amongst us by the genius of Sir Joseph Paxton.

Although about this house everything seems new, there is yet an indescribable something which redeems it from all dread of being considered a *novum*. While its white walls and numerous casements seem to point unmistakably to the Victorian age, it has an air of comfort and of home, which prove to the onlooker that its inmates are native and to the manner born. This feeling is, perhaps, heightened by the fact that if the house itself be modern, the noble oaks and elms and beeches in the park are certainly ancient, as are the lodges at the gates and the numerous outbuildings scattered over the demesne.

This apparent contradiction is easily explained. Only twenty years before, on one winter's night which no inhabitant of the valley will ever forget, all Deepdell was aroused by the outbreak of a fierce conflagration, which announced to the awe-struck villagers that Colebrooke Hall was on fire.

So complete and so rapid was the progress of the flames, that ere morning nothing remained of the once famous old Elizabethan mansion but four crumbling walls, and Sir Herbert Colebrooke, the then master of the house, having too much good taste to believe in sham revivals, determined on rebuilding the place in such a manner as should exhibit all the best and most characteristic qualities of the architecture of the present day.

And, be it said in passing, despite all the abuse now lavished on our builders, they have some ideas for which posterity will hold them in higher esteem than we do. Never before were the blessings of light and air so highly valued as now; never before was comfort so studiously considered; rarely before were such pains devoted to seizing the natural advantages of a selected site, so that every window should command some special beauty of the surrounding scenery. None of these are trifles to be despised, and by a zealous attention to them all, Colebrooke Hall had arisen from its ashes different indeed, but still worthy of its owners and of its ancient lineage and history.

On the night of the fire, among those early on the spot was Sir Herbert's neighbour, the man who owned the eastern half of the valley as Sir Herbert himself did the western. When the assembled villagers and peasants saw Sir Edward Upton riding hurriedly up to them and dismounting from his horse, they instinctively drew aside to leave room for him to pass, looking at him meanwhile with silent curiosity, which not all the excitement of the fire could repress; for the master of Deepdell Abbey was a man rather feared than loved, and moreover, for nearly seven years, during which time he had sternly refused all visits, he had never been seen beyond the boundaries of his own park.

Without noticing the crowd, and certainly without caring for their thoughts about himself, Sir Edward hastened to the spot where he saw his brother baronet attempting to soothe the alarms of his wife and daughters. Holding out his hand, he said, heartily—

"Come Sir Herbert, this is no place for you now. Although we have been strangers for so long, I trust I may depend on our old friendship to excuse all ceremony. Believe me, I sympathise with you in this heavy misfortune, but my carriage will be here immediately, and it will be time to think of that, when you are comfortably housed."

"I trust, Lady Colebrooke," he added, turning to her, "that you will excuse the shortcomings of my bachelor menu. Those, I suppose, are my old friends, whom I have not met since they were quite little girls?"

The Colebrooke party seemed as astonished at the baronet's greeting, as were the rustics at his unexpected appearance; but Sir Herbert hastened to return his salutations, and to thank him for his offer.

Louisa and Emily Colebrooke, two charming young English girls, aged respectively nineteen and seventeen years, looked up curiously at the neighbour who was so often the topic of conversation among their friends, and even in that hour of excitement Louisa noticed and dwelt on the memory of the peculiar sad sweetness of his smile.

"But where is your son, my old friend Harry?" asked Upton.

"With the men, directing their endeavours to extinguish the fire, though I fear vainly," said Sir Herbert; "he will doubtless be with us before long."

As he spoke the sound of approaching wheels was heard, and a carriage was then seen coming up the drive.

Sir Edward drowning all remonstrances, insisted upon the whole party entering the vehicle at once; and then as Harry Colebrooke joined them for a moment to announce that they had fortunately been enabled to save many of the pictures, the plate, and the iron chest containing the title deeds, and other valuable papers, Upton added that as soon as he had seen his parents and sisters comfortably disposed he would return to render him all assistance in his power.

Not to linger unnecessarily over this retrospect, it must be recorded hastily that this unexpected visit lasted for many weeks, during which a mutual love grew up and was avowed between Sir Edward, and Louisa Colebrooke. Long before the new mansion was completed they were married, and lived happily together for five years, the only cloud on the sunshine of Lady Upton's life being the knowledge that there was a secret in her husband's life which she was never allowed to penetrate. At the end of that time, however, Sir Edward, still a young man, was stricken down with a sudden fit of apoplexy, from which he died in a few days, leaving his young widow and her infant child of three years to the care of Sir Herbert Colebrooke.

When his will was read great astonishment was created by the fact that while he had made the most liberal provision for his wife and daughter, he had devised the main portion of his estates to his "son and heir, whenever he should claim them," stipulating that in the meantime they were to be used by Lady Upton as her own.

As no one had ever heard of the existence of this son, the provision was by most people deemed to be the result of some hallucination caused by the germs of the disease which was so soon to kill him, and as Lady Upton and her daughter had now enjoyed the estates for fifteen years, the clause was well-nigh forgotten.

Not by all, however. There were old village gossips who remembered the two years' absence from home, and subsequent seven years' seclusion in his own house, of the late baronet, and who would connect these events with the directions in the will.

Lady Upton, too, had special reasons of her own for remembering it, and after her husband's death she had tried hard to discover from the old housekeeper whether, as she suspected, Sir Edward had trusted her further than herself. But she could learn nothing, and very soon afterwards the old lady in question left the house without an intimation of where she was going.

There were two other persons who had never forgotten the mysterious bequest. One of these was at the time of Sir Edward's death a woman still young, and with at least the remains of much of that rustic beauty which, attractive as it may be for a time, is principally compounded of youth and health.

This woman, although the child of a farmer who had some years previously died bankrupt, had contrived by some mysterious means to procure the money to take on lease one of the best farms on the Upton estate. When she first entered into possession she had been accompanied by her sister, who some six months later died, leaving behind her a child only a few weeks old. It was known to none that this sister who, by far excelled her sister in personal charms, had ever been married, and when it was learnt that Mistress Margory, Sir Edward's housekeeper, had manifested much interest in the child, and even had him continually at the Abbey, the tongues of scandal were eager to couple the baronet's name with the boy's existence, although it was known the former had long been absent from Deepdell.

When Sir Edward returned home after his prolonged absence, the boy still continued to visit the housekeeper during the long years that her master maintained his seclusion, and many an old dame discovered, or fancied she discovered, an extraordinary likeness between Sir Edward and Percy. Their whisperings were not lessened by the anger openly manifested by Susan Harris when she heard of the baronet's approaching marriage. From the day of that event until Sir Edward's death young Percy Harris was never seen in Deepdell Abbey, but his aunt managed to be included in the list of the principal tenants who were invited to be present at the reading of the will, and when the clause above-mentioned was read an observer might have seen that she looked around her with a glance of mingled hatred and triumph that seemed to bode ill to some one unknown.

Soon after this, the boy Percy was sent away to school, though his aunt alone knew where, and for some years, was seen at Deepdell only at half-yearly intervals. During these short visits, however, he contrived to earn for himself an unenviable reputation among the neighbours for his domineering and tyrannical disposition, which he manifested to all alike, his aunt included. Those who knew the woman best were astonished to observe that she rather encouraged than sought to check this disposition, and when some of them would venture to tell her that he had been well laughed at for haughtily telling some farmer who had punished him for his insolence that he would make him repent his interference one day, instead of joining in the laugh she would mutter mysteriously—

"Perhaps he will—perhaps he will; who knows? He may get his rights some day."

When Percy was about twenty-one, Mrs. Harris died somewhat suddenly, and then it was discovered that her lease of the farm was for her lifetime only. She had, however, saved some few hundred pounds, which she left to her nephew, who, immediately on receiving his legacy, had left Deepdell, in which he had never been seen since.

Of his subsequent career it is unnecessary to say much. His aunt's bequest he spent in a very few months, in every form of dissipation and vice, in London, and had reduced himself almost to beggary, when he accidentally encountered the old housekeeper, who was keeping a

lodging-house in a street running from the Strand to the river.

The old lady, who had really loved the boy, gladly assisted him; but after a time his exactions became so heavy that she was compelled to refuse all further compliance with his demands. Then, he revealed to her certain facts which seemed to give him a strange power over her, and to compel her to follow his instructions blindly, until at last, to aid him in some speculation which was to return an enormous profit, she sacrificed her annuity. Of course the profits were not forthcoming, and she never recovered a farthing of her money. After this, misfortunes seemed to accumulate around her, and she sunk lower and lower, until she reached the cellar where she was seen in the last chapter.

Most undoubtedly, had she returned or even written to Deepdell, Lady Upton would have seen that she was spared the bitter stings of poverty; but some potent reason seemed to withhold her from this most natural step. In each fall Percy Harris had kept himself acquainted with her movements, and visited her at uncertain intervals, nearly always to strip her of what little she still had to give. He, in the meantime, was living only himself know how. Sometimes as a courier, sometimes as a companion of the outcasts of society in some foreign capital, sometimes as a decoy to a London money lender, sometimes as a partner in a gambling-house, until at last he made his appearance in society as Mr. Dudley Pemberton.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER this long but necessary retrospect, let me ask my readers to come back to the present time, and to pay with me a visit to Colebrooke Hall.

The scene is a charmingly-decorated morning-room, opening with French windows on to the croquet-ground, and overlooking the gardens and the park beyond. Everything about the room is light and cheerful. The prevailing characteristics are of satinwood and white paper, of gold and flowers, and music and bright pictures, and water-colour drawings. Everything harmonises, everything is in the best possible taste, and everything seems to whisper that the presiding genius of the place must be young and beautiful.

Such indeed is the case. The apartment we have entered, though much frequented by all the members of the family, is especially sacred to Grace Colebrooke, the only daughter of Sir Henry Colebrooke, the present baronet, for Sir Herbert and his wife had both been dead for years. At the moment we enter, quite a large party is gathered in the room. In addition to its fair mistress, there are Sir Henry, a fine specimen of an English country gentleman, of middle age; his lady, a matronly and pleasant woman, somewhat younger than herself, and even better preserved; Lady Upton, who, despite her long widowhood, still retains many traces of the beauty which twenty years before had won the heart of her late husband, at a time when he thought he had abandoned the world and all dreams of happiness for ever; her daughter, Beatrice; and Charley Whitworth, gay and laughing as usual, but somewhat more affected by the charms of the last-named young lady than he was, as yet, willing to acknowledge to himself.

Truly if he did surrender his heart he had sufficient excuse. Beatrice Upton was an unmistakably pretty girl. Nobody could call her beautiful, or handsome, or even dream of speaking of her as "a fine woman," most detestable of all slang phrases of compliment. About the middle height, with a well developed, but not too robust, figure, the sweeping rounded lines of which were piquantly suggested by the light muslin dress she was wearing. She had rich dark brown hair, which, fortunately, was so plentiful that she could afford to dispense with the adventitious aids of chignons or other monstrosities. Her eyes were of that mysterious shade of grey which seems all colours by turns according to the thoughts behind them. Her nose was slightly *retroussée*, her lips full and rich, and her teeth even and small. Nothing in all this to redeem the face from common-place, but this was achieved by the broad forehead and by the ever-changing expression of the whole countenance, every feature of which seemed to respond instantly to the thoughts of the owner. Now batted in sympathy as she listened to a tale of pity; now, and this perhaps oftener, dancing with mischievous gleam as she thought of some jest to play upon her staid cousin or her dawning lover Charley.

Grace Colebrooke was of quite another order of beauty. Fair as Aurora's self, her bright golden hair, blue eyes, and somewhat voluptuous figure, slightly inclining to *embonpoint*, were moderated as it were by her stately height, and the calm dignity she preserved in her every movement.

Such were the persons assembled in Grace's sitting-room, to whom Whitworth had been giving an account of his dinner at the Crystal Palace a month previously.

"Ernest Colebrooke," said Grace, thoughtfully, "certainly I have never heard of him, and, of course, as your other friend very properly observed, had he been related to us he would have known it."

"Dear me," laughed Beatrice. "Related to us! Quite regal we are in our style. And only to think that I am half a Colebrooke, and never knew before of what importance it is to be allied to the house!"

"Nevertheless, my sweet niece, it is important," said Sir Henry playfully. "But I do not understand why Charley should be so anxious to discover an alliance between ourselves and this young unknown."

"Not at all," remonstrated Charley. "I do not suppose he has anything to do with you. Indeed to look at him I should rather be inclined to fancy him an Upton than a Colebrooke."

"An Upton, why?" asked Beatrice.

"Because he bears a most remarkable resemblance to some of the portraits in your picture gallery over at the Abbey. But for that matter so does his rival, this Dudley Pemberton of whom Colonel Charteris is so fond. At certain moments you could almost fancy they were

twin brothers, though at other times it is hard to trace any resemblance whatever, the expressions of the two faces are so different."

"Is his likeness to our family really so marked?" asked Lady Upton.

"It is indeed; there can be no doubt whatever about that. It flashed upon me in a moment; and since then I have observed them more closely, and it grows upon me. But do none of you know Pemberton? He spoke of you as if you were acquaintances."

"I have never even heard his name until to-day," said Lady Colebrooke, and the others concurred.

"I do believe you are trying to build up some mystery out of this imaginary resemblance. Your fancy does always run away with you so recklessly," said Beatrice.

"Truly it does," he responded with a significant look, which in spite of herself called a blush to her cheek. "But this time fancy has nothing whatever to do with it. The fact is absolute and undoubted."

Lady Upton had listened to this conversation with ill-concealed curiosity, and now turning to Whitworth asked:

"And what age do you say these young men are?"

"Both of them I should think are a trifle under thirty."

The questioner fell into deep thought, and her meditations certainly did not seem to be of a pleasant nature. They were however interrupted, for the younger members of the party soon gave a turn to the conversation.

"So that cold and haughty iceberg, Maud Emerson, is really engaged to a bristled barister of whom nobody knows anything?" asked Beatrice.

"Yes, and is to marry him as soon as he can earn six hundred a year."

"I should never have believed that she would have condescended even to listen to any man under the rank of an earl," Beatrice continued, "and as for six hundred a year, it is hardly enough to find her in gloves and handkerchiefs. What could have induced her to accept him?"

"Possibly because she loves him, Beatrice, dear," suggested Lady Colebrooke.

"That only makes it more wonderful. I always thought Maud's affections were centred on herself, and would never penetrate beyond that sacred object."

"You are too ready with your judgments, my dear," said her mother, "and somewhat uncharitable at the same time."

"I don't want to be I am sure. But Maud told me herself when she was here last year that she would never marry any man who could not offer her a coronet and afford every imaginable luxury. But I am sure I admire Mr. Colebrooke very much."

"Admire him! Beatrice," remonstrated her dignified cousin, "a man you have never seen."

"Oh, perhaps if I saw I might cease to admire. At present I am only thinking of his undaunted courage in daring to propose to her. He a lawyer! He ought to be a soldier and lead forth hopes!"

Lady Upton, without noticing her daughter's last remark, had joined her brother at the windows and said to him in an undertone:

"You heard what Whitworth said about these extraordinary resemblances, what do you think of them?"

"Think of them?" repeated Sir Henry. "Nothing."

"What should I think of them?"

"But you remember Edward's will."

"Remember his will?—what is it you mean?"

"Why, the clause about his son."

"Son, nonsense!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "Everybody knows he never had a son. If there had been one we should have heard of him long ago."

At this moment a servant entered the room and handed a card to Lady Upton.

"Mr. Joshua Pike. What can he want here?"

"Says he wishes to see you on most important business, my lady."

"Oh Pike is it?" asked Sir Henry. "Let him come in here; I dare say it is one of his clever schemes for raising some one's rent which he always thinks of such immediate consequence."

"By all means," said the lady; and the servant departed to return in a moment ushering in the worthy solicitor, who reckoned both the Uptons and the Colebrookes among his clients, and was considered the richest and most flourishing attorney in the county.

The lawyer was evidently in a great state of excitement, and hardly gave himself time to bow all round before he burst out:

"Have you heard of this most extraordinary event, my lady?"

"What event, Mr. Pike? I have heard nothing."

"I have only heard it this morning myself, and immediately hastened to the Abbey to inform you, and, learning you were here, rode over at once."

"But what is it Mr. Pike? We are all in suspense. Speak out," added Sir Henry, as he saw the lawyer glance round the room. "We are all interested."

"This notice," he said, taking a paper from his pocket-book, "was served yesterday on all the tenants on the Upton estates by a lawyer's clerk from London."

"A notice! What is it?" exclaimed Lady Upton.

The lawyer read it out. It was simply a notice in due form to the tenant informing him that from the receipt thereof all rents were to be paid to Messrs. Levi, Shadrach, and Jacobs, of Thavies Inn, London, attorneys and agents to Sir Percy Upton, Bart.

"Sir Percy Upton," cried Sir Herbert, "ridiculous! What tom-foolery is this?"

"Sir Percy Upton," ejaculated his sister. "It is that boy then," and she sank back into her chair. "I have always been anticipating this blow and at last it has fallen."

"Fallen, nonsense! Some ridiculous imposture, got up to extort money by some one who has heard of the mysterious clause in your husband's will. What is to be done, Pike?"

Mr. Pike looked grave.

"Doubtless," he said, "we shall soon hear from these people again. They are about the shrewdest set of low-class attorneys in all London, and I confess I do not like

their being in the case. But we must make them show their hands a little more, before we can do anything. Of course we must fight to the last."

"Fight," echoed Sir Henry, "I should think so." "It will be useless," murmured Lady Upton, "I am confident the claim is a just one. This was my husband's secret."

(To be continued—Commenced last week.)

ANACREONTIC.

O if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather.

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my love a cross of pearl
And make her always bear it.

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And throw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly
And smother her with roses!

But should she clench her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters!

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about
And punish her with kisses!

J. ASHBY-SPERRY, in "Dark Blue."

THE EVELINA HOSPITAL.

A few hundred yards on the Surrey side of Southwark-bridge there stands a plain brick building, with considerable length of frontage, and the comparative newness of which is not yet quite hidden beneath a mantle of London dirt. This is the Evelina Hospital for sick children of the poor, which was opened in 1869. It was built, and partially endowed, by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild in memory of his deceased wife, and has been up to this time entirely supported by the Rothschild family, who have defrayed the whole of the establishment and other charges for the maintenance of thirty-six beds, and for an unlimited out-patient department. The building, however, contains accommodation for one hundred beds, and the committee, by whom the affairs of the hospital are conducted on the part of the founder, are now most desirous to avail themselves of his permission to appeal to the public for funds by which the whole of this accommodation may be utilised. The great success which has attended the past operations of the charity, and the constant pressure upon the beds, are such as fully to warrant the step which it is proposed to take. The proposal, however, changes the hospital from a private to a public institution, and seems to require that some account should be given of its arrangements.

The building itself, as already stated, is of considerable length, and it follows the convexity of a curve of the Southwark-bridge-road. It has been constructed with constant reference to all the peculiar requirements of a hospital, and consists of a basement and four floors, on each of which there is access to the several rooms or wards by a passage running along the convexity of the curve, and having the common staircase near its centre. In the basement, besides certain offices, is a well-arranged out-patient department, which has no direct connection with the hospital proper. It has an excellent waiting hall, cool, lofty, spacious, and well ventilated, two rooms for the examination of patients, a third room for occasional uses, and a convenient dispensary. On the ground floor are the private rooms of the officers, the board-room, and a room now vacant that is well adapted for an accident ward. The first floor is given up entirely to patients, and contains one ward nearly 100 feet in length, which affords 1,050 feet of cubic space for each of 24 beds. It is now quite full, and its occupants, in various stages of illness or of convalescence, are all alike in showing the effects of careful attention to their physical wants. Perhaps the wards of such a hospital are the only places in which the children of the London poor, who have been disgraced by dirt; and here cleanliness, whether personal or domestic, manifestly reigns supreme. Each child is deprived of its own clothing on admission, and is clad in the hospital garments; a little red flannel dressing jacket being among the things furnished, and in this the child can sit up in its bed when not permitted to leave it. The beds are ordinary iron cribs, with little sliding tables for toys or food; and each ward is provided with a cupboard full of dolls and such like luxuries. At either end of the long ward there are smaller ones, similarly planned in every respect. The second floor contains rooms like those of the first, but all empty, and the third floor the bedrooms of the servants and nurses. Behind the hospital, and quite detached from it, is a house for the reception of infectious cases.

The work of the institution is carried on by a resident medical officer, a resident lady superintendent, and a dispenser, with the necessary servants and nurses; the lady superintendent being also assisted by lady nurses. Four honorary physicians and two honorary surgeons have charge of the in and out patients. The general affairs are conducted by a committee of management, and there are six lady visitors. It is manifest that the staff is amply sufficient for the reception of the full number of patients; and, as all charges of building and establishment are already defrayed, every shilling contributed by the public will be applied directly to the maintenance and cure of the sick. The value set upon the hospital by the people in its locality may be best estimated from the fact that more than 12,000 children have been brought as out-patients since its institution; and it is quite manifest that among this large number there must be very many whose homes must be such as to place formidable obstacles in the way of their recovery. For it is characteristic of children's diseases that they require far more watchfulness than those of adults, and that the time for medical or surgical interference, unless seized by the forelock, will often be lost irrevocably. The inhabitants of Southwark are poor and densely crowded, and a large proportion of the mothers are themselves regularly employed in various industries. The children, when sick at home, must often be sadly neglected, must often be compelled to wait far beyond the proper time for medical aid, must often be denied the food necessary to restore vigour to frames enfeebled by illness. The five or six hundred out-patients that apply every month would afford the means of filling a hundred beds to great advantage, and the public may fairly be asked to supply the means of maintaining these necessary to make up this number, and thus fitly to supplement the liberality of the benevolent founder.

REUBEN FAIRFIELD.

A TALE IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—THE ELOPEMENT.
CHAPTER I.

None of the many small but busy towns of South Lancashire, where politics run high and polemics are fiercely discussed, but cotton reigns supreme over both, Reuben Fairfield had made unto himself a name for stern integrity and undeviating straightforwardness, of which he was somewhat too proud. Born in one of the pleasant rural districts of the county in which he still lived, his early life had been full of trials and sorrows, for some of which his own stubbornness and obstinacy were not altogether blameless. His father was a struggling farmer who tilled the acres which for generations his ancestors had rented, and which, as he often boasted, they had owned for centuries before:—"Aye, long before our proud squire or any of his blood had followed the conqueror to England." This pride in their Saxon lineage, and the feeling they always expressed of what they considered the squire's usurpation of their lands, had however never prevented a very warm friendship from existing between successive representatives of the Warners and the Fairfields. Perhaps the holders of the soil were not altogether sorry, even as a matter of pride, to be able to count among their tenantry the men whose fathers had given a name to their broad acres, and these, in their turn, were loath to turn their backs upon their ancestral home, and yet were proud to show to their neighbours that their footing with the "usurpers" was rather that of equals than of landlord and tenant. At all events so it had chanced that while the Fairfields had always been whigs and dissenters, and the Warners Tories and high churchmen, each had in turn thrown their protection over the others, as the one party or the other were in the ascendancy. Thus, during the long struggle between King Charles and his parliament, young Rupert Warner raised a troop of cavaliers for the crown, while Jesse Fairfield held the command of a regiment of infantry in Cromwell's army. But after Marston Moor, the republican concealed the royalist in his own hall, of which he took possession in the name of the parliament. As, however, he never applied for a grant of the estates, and others of his party knew it would be in vain to attempt to override his claims, they were never confiscated, and when the "King came into his own again," the Warners were also reinstated, and in their turn protected their tenant from the consequences of his rebellion. This state of things—always opposed but always friendly—continued between the two families without interruption until the time of Herbert Warner and Geoffrey Fairfield (Reuben's father), when their feelings of friendship were suddenly transformed, on one side at least, into deadly hate. Herbert and Geoffrey were foster-brothers, were brought up together, and their friendship seemed even closer than had existed between any of their predecessors, and by them a tie of relationship was formed between the two families, as on the same day Herbert married a rich heiress, and Geoffrey her portionless sister. For a year after this double marriage, the friendship continued as before; but then on one eventful night the sole medical man the village of Fairfield could boast, received at nearly the same moment two pressing messages: first, one from the Grange, and then, immediately on its heels, another from the Hall.

Like a discreet courtier, the worthy doctor attended to the second message first; and not till after an hour to Fairfield Hall was born did he repair to the Grange farm to find that our hero had been already brought into the world at the expense of his mother's life.

From this moment Geoffrey Fairfield became a moody and misanthropical man. Neglecting the business of his farm he found himself becoming each year a poorer and poorer man. The care of his son was given up entirely to a nurse, and to a Methodist minister whom he selected as his tutor. This man who was, with many good qualities, a fanatic and an enthusiast, cared only to impress upon his pupil's mind a belief in his own religious teaching, an unreasoning hatred of the state church and its ministers, and, happily, an earnest love for truth and sincerity. Geoffrey Fairfield sought to teach his son nothing but his political creed, which although nominally advanced radicalism, might have been more honestly described as "hatred of the squire," for on Herbert Warner

greatest triumph was his last. Fairfield's neighbours felt that he had exerted all his influence to defeat his own district, his own village, and this feeling, united to the personal popularity of the squire, estranged from him the sympathy of all save a few who still hoped to glean something from the wreck of his rapidly-decreasing fortunes. This loss of power, as may naturally be supposed, only increased the desire to injure; and unceasingly he carried on his impotent war, until his long grief, his many troubles, and perhaps the wear and tear of evil passions, combined to bring him to his deathbed when yet in the prime of life. While dying his last injunctions to his son to hate all of the name and race of Warner, proved that he died as he had lived unrelenting and unforgiving.

With such training and with such an example, the character of Reuben Fairfield may easily be imagined. Endowed by nature with strong affections, he crushed all exhibition thereof beneath a superstructure of religious bigotry and political fanaticism. The one strong personal feeling he never attempted to conceal, was his hatred of his hereditary enemies; and when on his father's death it was discovered that everything had to be sold to pay outstanding debts, although the squire offered to renew to him the lease of the farm, and even to assist him with money, he rejected the offer scornfully; and after settling all his affairs, turned his back on his native village for ever, with scarcely more than the traditional half-crown in his pocket.

Not alone, however, did Reuben Fairfield go forth to fight his battle with the world. Even in his heart there was one soft place, and this had been discovered by Alice Blake, an orphan of nineteen summers, who eked out a scanty livelihood as a rarely employed dress-maker in the little village. On her he had fixed his affections; and although his manner of showing his love would have seemed somewhat disagreeable to the outer world, it was nevertheless returned, and Alice though half afraid of her moody lover, consented to share his fortunes be they what they might, after one ineffectual pleading for delay, which was so fiercely received that she never ventured to repeat it. The village gossips indeed did say that Reuben's hatred to the Warners was not entirely received from his father, but was in no slight degree owing to the fact that he had, often than he liked, encountered the young squire in the dress-maker's little shop.

CHAPTER II.

Thus burdened with a wife and a few household goods, but with little money and without a trade, did Reuben Fairfield betake himself to Bolchester—the little town mentioned in our opening sentence. His early struggles in this place may be passed over without detail. Suffice it to say, that after undergoing privations and disappointments, which still further soured his temper, he found himself in a few years, by the combined action of energy and perseverance on the one hand, and some little strokes of good fortune on the other, in possession of a small but improving business as a manufacturer of an article in constant demand in all the cotton mills with which the town is filled. From this point he had gone on prospering until the period at which this story opens, when by a certain earnestness and force of character, he had come to be acknowledged, by men of higher station and far greater wealth than himself, as the undoubted leader both of the dissenting and the radical interests in the good town of Bolchester. Not, be it remembered, that this meant by any means the leadership of the town, for Bolchester, like many another outpost of Manchester, was not only exceedingly Ritualistic, but also intensely Conservative in its tendencies; so much so, indeed, that



A LABOUR OF LOVE.

were opened the flood-gates of his wrath. To him he attributed the death of his wife, and refusing to listen to explanations or to reason, he devoted his life to revenge upon his former friend. This he sought in every possible direction. Was there a petty dispute about a right of way across the park, Geoffrey Fairfield was ready to mortgage his next year's crops to carry the question into a court of law. Was any local improvement suggested, or was there a point at issue in the vestry, he waited but to see which side was adopted by his brother-in-law, the squire, to move heaven and earth to gain success for the other. When Herbert Warner, prompted thereto by many of the principal landowners of the county, sought to be returned to parliament as a knight of the shire, his defeat was mainly attributable to the violent harangues and denunciations of his prejudiced tenant. But this his

combined action of energy and perseverance on the one hand, and some little strokes of good fortune on the other, in possession of a small but improving business as a manufacturer of an article in constant demand in all the cotton mills with which the town is filled. From this point he had gone on prospering until the period at which this story opens, when by a certain earnestness and force of character, he had come to be acknowledged, by men of higher station and far greater wealth than himself, as the undoubted leader both of the dissenting and the radical interests in the good town of Bolchester. Not, be it remembered, that this meant by any means the leadership of the town, for Bolchester, like many another outpost of Manchester, was not only exceedingly Ritualistic, but also intensely Conservative in its tendencies; so much so, indeed, that

none of Reuben's predecessors had ever been able to secure either of the Borough seats for a Liberal candidate. To break through this monopoly of power was now, next to the amassing of wealth, the main object of Reuben Fairfield's life; and to attain this object he had already sacrificed much, and was prepared to sacrifice even more. How much more, may be gleaned from the following conversation, which will develop, better than any explanations, the present condition of Reuben Fairfield's household. The scene is a breakfast parlour, and the *dramatis personæ* are Reuben himself, his wife, and only daughter, seated at the morning meal.

"It is my intention, Alice," said Mr. Fairfield, after a lengthened silence, "to give an evening party."

"An evening party!" exclaimed his wife, looking aghast at the notion, but evidently not daring to ask one word in explanation.

"An evening party!" repeated Ada, clapping her hands. "How delightful!"

"Ada," said her father, rebukingly, "I am surprised, I may say, shocked, at your levity. You will understand that if I for once allow my house to be made the scene of one of these engines of the evil one, it is from no love for them myself, but because I find that higher interests than my own require me to make a sacrifice of my own feelings."

with, now turned to her mother to express her delight, when she was astonished to see her deadly pale and trembling violently.

"My dearest mother," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear child, nothing, only I am so surprised! Never has your father given anything like a party before, excepting a dinner party to people in business with him, or a Dorcas tea meeting or something of that sort. And now—and then that name which even I have never heard him mention since we first came to Bolchester twenty two years ago."

"But who is this Alfred Warner that papa should spit out his name like a serpent, and that you should tremble and turn pale at hearing it? Is he something so very dreadful?"

"Him I have never seen. But your father, my dear, was once, without any cause I am sure, jealous of his father. That was before we were married, dear. And your father and grandfather always looked upon his, as enemies. I am sure though I never knew why. And now to invite him to our house! I cannot understand it at all, but I do know that what your father does must be right."

Whether or no Ada was not so certain of this fact as her mother, she continued her questionings until her perti-

Extracts from a Lady's Diary.

KEPT IN LONDON DURING THE SEASON.

Friday, May 26.

F HIS afternoon we all went to the flower show at the Royal Botanic, and the beautiful display recalled to my mind pleasant thoughts of home, and made me more anxious for the end of the season than ever. I should like one of the girls to be settled, though, before we return. Frederick Arbuthnot is still very ill, and his brother is staying with him. Our friends tell us we were quite unfashionable in going to the show to-day instead of yesterday, but I think we enjoyed it more, as the crowd was not so great. Sir Francis Goldsmid's and Mr. Crompton-Roberts's ferns looked deliciously cool and refreshing, while I think Messrs. Pauls' roses were more lovely than ever. Altogether, we enjoyed ourselves very much, as we did in the evening at the Lyceum theatre, where, besides the neat little comedy—"La Partie de Piquet," we had that absurd farce—"Le Chapeau d'un Horloger," to laugh at. M. Lesueur is very funny indeed as the valet Amédée; but, after all, he cannot compare for real humour with Mrs. Keely, for whom the part was turned into a housemaid in "A Clockmaker's



CROSSING THE BROOK.

"Who is to be invited?" meekly inquired the submissive wife.

"Here you will find a list. It includes all the leaders of our party in the town, with their wives and daughters; many of the waverers, to gain whose support is my principal object in thus desecrating my roof; and one other, who has lately been gaining much influence with the Conservatives in the town, and is even spoken of as their future representative, but who will be utterly disarmed if he is once known as my guest."

"Knowing this, papa, perhaps he will not come," suggested Ada.

"I think he will, as, possessing all the hypocrisy of his race, he everywhere professes great friendship and respect for me and mine."

"May I ask his name?" inquired his wife, timidly, as though she almost expected, yet dreaded the answer.

"Alfred Warner, son and heir of Rupert Warner, of Fairfield," replied Reuben, abruptly; then turning from the table, as though wishing to end a conversation which had become distasteful, he continued:—"Ada will procure from a stationer's, and fill up, the proper forms of invitation; and as for all other preparations, I shall entrust them to the proper tradesmen, so you need not fear your own inexperience. You will have nothing to think of but your dresses."

So saying, he left the room, and Ada, who had been too delighted at the prospect of her first ball to care for any of the political and social mysteries connected there-

nacity had obtained for her most of the information which has already been laid before the reader, and then, her anticipations of delight at the forthcoming festivity not at all lessened by the addition of this little romance, set about her own share of the preliminaries.

(To be continued.)

WHITSUN AMUSEMENTS.—Up to the close of last week the number of entrances to the gardens of the Zoological Gardens has not been quite so numerous this year as in 1870, notwithstanding the supposed crowded condition of the metropolis; but the almost unprecedented influx of visitors on Monday last, is likely to make the present year compare more favourably with that which preceded it. The gates of the Society's gardens were opened to the public at 9 o'clock, and were speedily beset by large crowds of holiday-makers; nor did the applicants for admission materially decrease in numbers throughout the day, which was as fine and bright as any one could wish. At the close of the gardens at sunset the total number of entrances was ascertained to have been 31,547. On one previous occasion only—viz., Whit-Monday, 1866, have so many visitors been admitted to the Society's gardens in one day. It is gratifying to be able to add that, as we are informed by the superintendent, the behaviour of this vast gathering of both sexes and all ages was generally excellent, and that no injury (except that arising from a few cases of overfeeding) has been suffered by the Society's valuable collection of living animals. The number of visitors admitted to the International Exhibition on the same day was as follows:—Season-tickets, 484, on payment of 1s., 21,462—total, 21,946.

Hat." Oh, dear, oh, dear! How many years have flown since I saw her play it. It was just before I was married; and now—

Saturday, May 27.

As if to finish up appropriately the stable talk of the week, this morning was devoted to the Horse Show, at Islington, which is really a very interesting one. I quite envied Mr. Gilbey his magnificent carriage horses, but, perhaps of everything in the show, I should have preferred Mr. Mayston's pony "Beauty," if I could only find another to match it. It is a beauty indeed; and a pair with a basket would make the prettiest possible turn out for the country lanes, and might even pass muster in the "mile" once or twice. After leaving the show it rained miserably, so to Ada's great disappointment, we did not go to Hurlingham Park to see little pigeons shot at from a trap, which it seems it is now fashionable to consider "sport." I know neither her father nor mine would have thought it so.

In the evening we went to the Gallery of Illustration to see an amateur performance by the "Artillery and Naval Dramatic Society." As a rule I have a special and very active horror of amateurs, but I am bound to acknowledge I was pleasantly disappointed. Instead of laughing at our friends in "The Honeymoon," I could laugh with them. Captain Butler as the mock Duke was especially funny, though a little given to exaggeration, and Mr. S. Hall, as Duke Aranza, was also very good indeed; Captain St. John

Millmayas Rolando, and Captain FitzGeorge as Montalban were capital, the latter particularly. Very fortunate too were they in their lady coadjutors. Miss Carlotta Addison played Juliana, not so well as I have seen her in other parts, but still well enough, and Miss Bignold was a charming Zamora, looking in her boy's dress so unlike some of the ladies one sometimes is forced to look at in burlesque parts. But the triumph of the evening was achieved by a Miss Kate Rivers, who was strange to me, but who gave the very best representation of Volante I have ever seen.

Sunday, May 28.

Went to St. Alban's, to hear the grand performance of Schubert's Mass in E flat, which is a really magnificent work, and was very finely performed, but I felt as if I had been attending a concert instead of divine service, and I do not want to go to St. Alban's again.

Monday, May 29.

There was no shopping to do to-day, as many of the principal shops were closed, and myself and many of my friends had made up our minds not to trouble those that were open, but we drove to Lord's Cricket Ground in the morning, and had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Grace knocking the ball about just as he liked, and as no one had ever been able to do before, Alfred Messent told us, who is said to be a great cricketer himself. The scene was very exhilarating, although I understand nothing of the game, but it was pleasant to see so many thousands of persons watching so intently what must be a very innocent game at all events.

The weather is so fine that I almost wish we had accepted Lady —'s invitation to Hertfordshire for the holidays, but Ada seemed unwilling to go. The Grand Duke's arrival has, however, kept a good many people in town, and Mrs. Morley-Palton's ball was quite crowded, large as her rooms are. Mr. Messent was there. I really begin to think he bribes the servants to tell him where we are going, unless Mabel tells him herself, which is possible. They danced together three times.

Tuesday, May 30.

Drove to Wimbledon to see the inspection of the Civil Service Rifles by the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. There was quite a fashionable gathering, and the fresh air blowing over the common soon brought back the roses which London hours had almost banished from Mabel's cheeks. In the evening we went to Covent Garden, partly to hear "Le Nozze di Figaro" with its wonderful cast, and partly, also, I am afraid, to get the first glimpse of the Grand Duke, who was there with the Prince of Wales. After all I had heard, I must confess I was disappointed with him. People had been saying that he is like the Emperor Nicholas, but I really do not think him particularly good-looking. However, the Opera was certainly worth listening to, Lucia and Sessi were both in capital voice, and Fauro played Figaro as he alone can play the part.

Wednesday, May 31.

How hard that poor Prince does have to work. When he left Guildford after visiting the Bath and West of England Agricultural Show and receiving an address, he had to fly back to London to get to Islington, where horses had to take the place, in his mind, just previously filled with ploughs, and sheep, and oxen. We, however, were more fortunate. For after very soon satisfying ourselves with the farmer's exhibition, we had seats in Mrs. Milman's carriage, and set off on one of the loveliest rides I ever enjoyed in my life. We were taken to some old ruins on the top of St. Martha's Hill, from which there is a lovely view of the Duke of Northumberland's seat, and of the pretty village made famous by being the home of that tedious Mr. Tupper. Then we saw more ruins on another hill, this time dedicated to St. Katherine, and drove through Godalming, a curiously old-fashioned little town, returning to Guildford by another route, through lovely park-like scenery, amid which ever and again we saw the Wey pleasantly winding. The ride, and the different stoppages to climb hills and inspect ruins, occupied us several hours, so that when we returned we were all ready for the capital little dinner prepared for us at a very nice hotel in the High-street. After this we returned to town, well pleased with our excursion, and too tired to leave home again. I have had a long talk with Ada, and find that she is thinking more kindly of Charles Arbuthnot than before he went away.

AN Irishman calls his sweetheart honey because she is bee-hoived.

"GRANDMA," said a shrewd child, "do you want some candy?" "Yes, dear, I should like some." "Then if you'll buy me some I'll give you half," said Polly.

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

"MORRIS," it is no use, I can never lose Mr. Sprowler." "Well," said the mother, looking at her with surprise, "that is no reason why you should not marry him."

AN unmarried friend declared to us the other day, with an expression of countenance most lugubrious, "I never cared a farthing about getting married until I attended an old bachelor's funeral."

"PRAY, Mrs. Radiski, why do you whip your children so often?" "La, Mr. Worthy, I do it for their enlightenment. I never whipped one of them in my lifetime that he didn't acknowledge that it made him smart."

A SLIGHT difference between a wife with a turn-up or pug nose, and a husband with a Roman or descending nose, is thus poetised:—

Kate's nose was *retroussé*—her husband's was Roman.
One day in a passion he bade her begone:
"Which way shall I go?"—"Which way, silly woman!
Why, follow your nose," cried the husband in scorn.
Kate laughed as she whispered, "The tumb is forgiven;
It implies such a compliment, dearest, you know,
I'll follow my nose, sir, with pleasure—to Heaven,
If you'll follow yours to the regions below!"

The Royal Academy.

We have already called attention to some of the principal pictures in this year's exhibition, but although we fear it is indisputable that a very large proportion of the works exhibited are only just rock, the dead level of mediocrity, there are among these we have not yet noticed many both from old friends and from young artists just budding into fame, which worthily uphold the character of British art, and enable us to admire, without humiliation, some of the great works which have found their way to Burlington Gardens in consequence of the sad state of affairs in Paris. Last week we spoke of Mr. Leighton's great picture, "Alsiestis," but we think most of our readers would join with us in preferring for our walls his smaller contribution, "Greek girls gathering pebbles by the seashore" (507), though why Greek girls we do not know, save that Mr. Leighton as a classical painter must not degrade his muse to anything modern. Otherwise, they might have been English girls at Brighton, dressed for a daring freak in the draperies of the ancient land. And very lovely specimens of English beauty they are. Some-what too voluptuous perchance, and lacking alike the stately grandeur of the Greek or the lithe and muscular grace of the English maiden, but, nevertheless, women to live for and to love, though not, perhaps, to die for. We must object to the confused little curves into which Mr. Leighton has distorted what should have been the nobly flowing draperies of Greece. The style of these is distinctly Parisian—of the Empire. His third picture, "Cleobulus instructing his daughter Cleobulina" (1,118), presents us with another charming female form, the only drawback to the beauty of which is a very clumsy ankle, but we much doubt whether the young lady in question would ever have acquired the fame for learning had she pursued her studies in the listless manner she appears to be doing in the picture. Among classical painters Mr. Poynter naturally occupies the next place, but his two pictures, "The Suppliant to Venus" (115), and "The Priestess of Kerne finding the sacred Ibises," neither of them quite reach his usual standard, though they have many beauties. We prefer the former, the drawing and colour of which are exquisite. Mr. Richmond's classicism this year, as exhibited in his "Bowl-players" (603), is thoroughly French in design, although better in execution than anything he has yet achieved. But the introduction of maidens into a gymnasium in the presence of men entirely nude was as foreign to Greece as to England.

Mr. Princess of course gives us our choice of beauties. None so beautiful perhaps as those delicious dairymaids of old, but the figure in "Beauty and the Beast" is lovely enough for anything, and "Gossips," which is simply a group of pretty girls chattering, is also graceful in the extreme, but after all it is sad that a painter with such undoubted powers as Mr. Princess possesses should waste his talents on pictures without the ghost of an idea in them, and which therefore hardly more deserve to be included in the category of art than wax models. What real work he can achieve is shown by his "Odin" (566), one of the most powerful pictures in the Exhibition.

Mr. A. Moore indulges in a fresh series of what his more ardent admirers call "colour sympathies," but what may be more fittingly designated as studies in monochrome: "Battle-dore" (597) and "Shuttlecock" (601) are his best examples, and we cannot care for these, and it is with regret we see the influence his theories are exercising over the minds of several of our younger painters. Notably Mr. Barclay and Mr. E. G. Dalziel, who with many high gifts, sadly deform many of their works with these absurd affectations. The former gentleman, however, limits his fetters in his "Steps of Ana-Capri" (598), and the latter in the "Old Manor House" (72), both of which are charming, and in the highest sense of the word artistic pictures full of performance in the present and of performance in the future.

It is satisfactory to note that we have this year a larger show of landscapes. Foremost in this department is Mr. Millais's wonderful picture of "Chill October" to which we have already alluded, and which is especially valuable for the lesson it gives to all young painters of the practical benefits to be derived from hard steady work. In their youthful days, the three great Raphaels were guilty of many follies, and much exaggeration, but they laid down, and they worked honestly, and untiringly to develop them, the consequence being that in time they learned to discriminate between what was true and what false in their theories. Thus it was that John Everett Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti reached the front rank among English painters, and thus it is that our greatest figure-painter returning to landscape calls to his aid the severe nature study of his youth, and at once outstrips all his contemporaries.

Among other landscapes, the works of Mr. V. Cole claim early and careful attention. His "Autumn Gold," hung as a contrast to Mr. Millais's picture, shows how defective he is in many of the qualifications of the latter. But in spite of his indefinite drawing there are visible a breadth and unity of effect which render this a more than meritorious work. His other examples, "April Skies" and "Morning Mists" will worthily uphold his reputation, though perhaps neither will be so generally attractive as "Autumn Gold." Two of the most impressive landscapes here are Mr. Hunt's "Goring Lock" (5, 6), and "At the Head of Loch Maree" (304), of which we must, perhaps, give the palm to the former. For a realisation of still, hazy, heat, we have never witnessed anything so perfect.

Let us not pass over "The Lone Trees, Coast of Jersey," by a Mr. W. S. Richards, who therewith makes his first appearance on these walls. There is more power in the effect of desolation and dreariness conveyed by the clump of firs and alders at the feet of which runs up a long line of foam, than in nine-tenths of the more pretentious pictures in the exhibition, and we shall look eagerly and curiously for future examples of the skill which has produced so much real feeling with so little straining after mere effect. Mr. Richards is to be heartily congratulated on his debut.

New Books.

The Story of a Moss Tree, by Charles Bruce. *My Beautiful Home; or, Lily's Secret*, by the same Author. *Alfred and His Mother*, by Katherine M. May. (Edinburgh: Wm. P. Nimmo.) These three contain volumes, all beautifully printed and illustrated, and encased in bindings which are themselves sufficient to win the heart of a child, are very interesting and pleasantly written stories for children. They have all of them a distinctly religious purpose, and perhaps in the two former some of the characters are almost too perfect. On the whole, however, they will compare favourably with most books of their class, and *Alfred and His Mother* is especially good. Miss May has evidently a keen sympathy with boys, and quite appreciates the fact that a very good one indeed, if he is worth his salt, will rather fight than run away when he is bullied. One question we should like to ask, and that is, why all writers of good books for the very young introduce so much deaths and sickness into their stories? Surely the sorrows and trials of the world will fill early enough upon their young heads, and we do not see the advantage of filling their minds with thoughts of the grave and the sick-bed at the very hour when we should be striving to inculcate a loving trust in the goodness of the Creator and a bright fearless spirit, ignorant of fear, which will stand them in good stead in after life.

La Daguetta (London: Lockwood & Co.) is a very useful little book of early French lessons, specially intended for the use of little girls, and we can confidently recommend it to mothers and teachers.

SERIALS OF THE MONTH.

Belgravia still maintains its high position among the shilling monthlies. The two continuous stories are progressing satisfactorily. Mr. G. A. Sala gives a very capital little history of "Mrs. Mellor's Diamonds." Mr. Walter Thornbury continues his "Pleasant Walks Round St. Paul's," and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald discourses of the "Loves of Famous Men." This month his hero is the first gentleman in Europe, George the Infamous, and his heroines are Mrs. Fitzherbert and poor silly, gushing, romantic Perdita Robinson. The other articles are all good, and the poetry is quite up to magazine standard.

Dark Blue, is neither better nor worse than usual. Its condensation of a certain dead level of mediocrity which they attained in their first number and have since maintained. Several of the writers seem to be impressed with a curious notion that University slang and wit are convertible terms, and that it is gentlemanly to talk about the private doings and lodgings of their own set. One contributor, who is writing something he is pleased to imagine is a novel, must be very young indeed to judge from his naïve remarks on waltzing. He must, until very lately, have been practising with his schoolfellows, and has not yet got over the new sensation. The criticisms on the Royal Academy are evidently honest, but to our thinking crude in the extreme and bristling with heresies. Poetry is plentiful, but for the most part bad, the only exception being Mr. Ashley Storry's Anacreontic verses, which we reproduce in another column. What did Mr. Locker mean by printing his epigram (save the mark!) from "Mrs. Ross's Diary?"

The *Victoria* opens with an article on "Female Intemperance," which contains the astonishing statement that this vice is most prevalent among the married women of the middle classes. This statement, we certainly believe, is altogether unfounded, and it is certainly opposed to our own experience. "The Woman's Franchise" is a jubilation over the recent adherence of the Conservative chiefs to the cause of "Colony," the serial story, is continued. Perhaps, however, the most noteworthy article is a letter from a lady, in which the writer attacks Mr. Mill, calmly, cautiously, and successfully, that's his name, for, but disdains his championship; and admitting that he has caused many women to think, asserts that the result has been to make them differ from his views.

The *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* is a fair number, the most noteworthy contribution being Dr. Lee's on the "Reconstruction of the Irish Church," and the Editor's on the "Hymns and Hymn Writers of the XVII. and XVIII. Centuries." In this paper Dr. Ken is his price.

Good Words is worth its price this month for a very short article by the author of "Friends in Council," on the "Over-much in Talk," his reflections on which point are finally summed up by the statement of his belief "that two thirds of all the words that have been uttered by mankind, were needless, frivolous, and vexatious." The articles on the "Coolie," by the author of "Gin's Baby," are continued. Miss Metcalf writes pleasantly of Yarmouth; Nathaniel Hawthorne's "First Impressions" are continued; and these, with the two serial stories, "The High Mills," and "The Sylvesters," some verses, and a small amount of padding, make up a very good number. The *Treasury of Literature and Ladies' Treasury* (Demrose) now in its fourteenth year of its existence, still retains its pre-eminence in the special path it has marked out for itself. It is very well written, and all the illustrations are in good taste, artistically drawn and carefully engraved.

The *Leisure Hour*, for June, is fully up to its own high standard. Mrs. Prosser's new story, "The Master of Aynhoe," beginning well and promising to be full of interest. There is a good account of the "Ammerham Passion Play," and some very interesting "First Impressions of America and its People." Mr. John Timbs's Autobiography, as might be expected, is full of pleasant gossip of fifty years ago. "Ghosts and Ghost Lore," is interesting, and the other articles present a good variety of the entertaining and the useful.

The *Sunday at Home* is another favourite which never seems to exhibit any lack of excellence. It is perhaps one of the best periodicals published of the more popular class; for while a high moral and devotional tone is everywhere apparent, it has none of those repellent qualities which too often cause young people to dread the very sight of a "goody" book. The *Sunday at Home* is, on the contrary, sure to be welcomed by readers of all classes. "Walter Velak" is an interesting story. Mrs. Fry and Newgate is a worthy tribute to the memory of a great and good woman, and the capital articles are those on "Yarmouth Fishermen" and "Jews in Jerusalem."

Young Ladies' Journal (E. Harrison, Merton House).—Whatever may be thought of polemical and historical literature, it is certain that the ladies are well provided for in the various serials devoted to their special needs and tastes. In the *Young Ladies' Journal* we find an abundance of healthy literature, in the shape of fiction, biography, poetry, domestic receipts, characters, and answers to correspondents—some of the latter being very curious and instructive. All the principal tales are illustrated with characteristic wood-engravings, and the part for June contains original music, both vocal and instrumental. In addition, there is a really excellent fashion plate, a supplement containing an infinite variety of patterns for crochet dresses, embroidery, and needlework generally, with ample directions for the cutting-out, making, and trimming of ladies' dresses.

Music and the Drama.

WHITSUNIDE AND THE THEATRES.

AMONG theatrical managers have long since ceased to be governed by special seasons so religiously as of old, players still look forward to Christmas, to Easter, and to Whitsunide as dates when some novelty in the dramatic world is certain to be forthcoming. This year has proved no exception to the general rule, as in addition to the changes at the Strand, the Vaudeville, and the Court, noticed below, minor changes have been made at other houses, while those which have maintained their programmes have been sufficiently justified by the patronage they have received during the week. The change at the Adelphi was confined to a new and very effective ballet, entitled *Fantastic! or, The Storm Fiend*—the attractions of Mr. Halliday's version of Victor Hugo's great romance being still sufficient to fill the house. At the Princess's, Mr. Phelps has been playing *Macbeth* on alternate nights, and, in spite of the eternal talk about the decadence of the legitimate drama, to the unbounded delight of his audiences. At the Gaiety changes have been constant, as also at the Opera Comique and Lyceum, and at the Holborn *Silence* has given way to *Life*.

Among the theatres that have made no change, the most noteworthy are the Olympic, with Mr. Byron's very interesting drama *Daisy Farm*; the Queen's with *Joan of Arc*, which weak and pointless as it is as a drama, is magnificent indeed as a spectacle, and as such well worth witnessing; the Haymarket with *An English Gentleman*, and the St. James's with *Secret Service* and *Poll and Partner Joe*. In spite of the fine weather and intense heat of the holidays, most of the houses were fairly attended, but now we must notice some of the novelties commencing with the

VAUDEVILLE.

This charming little house has had so long a career of success, and been so completely identified with Mr. Albery's very excellent comedy of *The Two Roses*, that the announcement of a new work from the same pen naturally excited the highest expectations. It is with deep regret that we are compelled to add that these were in great measure doomed to disappointment. The fall from *The Two Roses* to *Twice's Rights* is terrible indeed. All the blemishes in the former piece, which were forgiven both on account of the many beauties by which they were surrounded, and because it was felt they were necessary in some measure to youth and inexperience, are here reproduced in tenfold force, while the beauties themselves are for the most part conspicuous by their absence. Nevertheless, we do not altogether yield our faith in Mr. Albery; and we trust that, if his almost unprecedented success has for a time turned his head and rendered him careless, the blow he has now given to his reputation will recall him to the necessity of work and study, and that ere long he will give us proof that he has not altogether lost his skill in delineating character, and in writing crisp, sparkling dialogue suitable to the speakers and serving to develop his story naturally and without effort. *Twice's Rights*, to begin with, is not a comedy at all; and, indeed, in the bill receives that hybrid appellation "comedy-drama," which we have generally found to signify that a piece has not sufficient story to be called a drama, nor sufficient character to be called a comedy. John Twicely (Mr. David James) is a master mason, who drinks desperately, and has *delirium tremens*. He has a pretty daughter Millie (Miss A. Newton), and a nephew Richard (Mr. Wyke Moore), who is a genius. Like the gentleman in *The Babes in the Wood*, John Twicely has defrauded his nephew of his rights, and therefore hates him. As might be expected, he is the cause of his delirium, and the cousins are married. This is really the story, although its development is retarded by a number of unnecessary incidents, and by the familiar facts of the uncle being brought to ruin and saved by the price of his generous nephew's genius. The most obtrusive elements in the piece, however, are drink and vulgarity. Of the former it is only fair to say that, although the various stages of delirium through which Mr. James passes during the second act are of no use to the story, they are delineated with consummate art by Mr. David James. This gentleman has decidedly reached a higher position in his profession by this performance than he has ever before attained; and, indeed, so really great and excellent a piece of acting alone renders *Twice's Rights* worth seeing. Mr. T. Thorne plays a slangy groom, resolute of the stable, who, on whose back, with principally mild *rechauffés* of the betting-ring and the sporting prophets, Mr. Albery seems to have used all his powers, and we trust he is satisfied with the result. But even more detestable in her coarse vulgarity is a comic widow (Miss Lavis), who principally jokes about tombstones and crapes, and other lively surroundings of her husband's death. *Twice's Rights* may run for a time to enable the gallery to laugh at Tim Whiffler's stable witticisms, but the sooner it is withdrawn the better for Mr. Albery's reputation.

COURT.

A curious change has been made in the entertainments at 'the theatre. Heretofore sacred to comedy and extravaganza, and noted for its luxurious appointments, it has suddenly burst out in the most blood-curdling of transpontine melodrama. How to account for this violent outbreak, we know not; but, at least, we may be allowed to doubt its policy. There is only one possible explanation that occurs to us. That Mr. W. S. Gilbert has a well-developed sense of broad fun is evident to all readers of the "Bab" Mallards, and it is really possible that, in the spirit of some of his wildest and most extravagant heroes, he is engaged in playing a series of practical jokes upon play-goers. Already he has drawn grown people to a theatre to listen to a fairy tale with the realism and fancy which endear its kind to our infancy although air omitted, on the strange plea that it isn't vulgar, and now he asks us to attend an outrageous burlesque of Charles Dickens, and of the Waterloo road drama, in sober seriousness. We can imagine him seated in a private box, bursting with half-suppressed laughter as he watches his victims vainly striving to follow his plot and wondering what ill means, when if they would only look upon "Great Expectations" as an enlarged "Bab" Ballad in prose, and give free vent to their mirth, all would be well. Of the plot it will be sufficient to say that Mr. Gilbert has extracted from Mr. Dickens's most sensational work, all the sensational incidents and nothing else, like a boy picking plums from a pudding, and piled them on the stage in rapid succession. Murders, strikes, convicts, rescues, and fights are ever before us. Mr. Cowper as Magwitch, and Mr. Belford as Orlik, fully enter into the fun of the situation, and shout and rattle in a manner to delight the gods of the Victoria Olympus, and to deafen the habited of the Court. To add to the joke, Mr. Clayton, who played Jaggors, had evidently not been admitted into the secret, and taking the performance *au grand sérieux*, gave a most artistic representation of the attorney, which was, however, quite out of place in this most extravagant of burlesques. We congratulate Mr. Gilbert on the entire success of his right merry jest, but at the same time venture to suggest that it is somewhat dangerous to play jokes on so numerous a body as the British public.

STRAND.

It is ten years ago since Mr. Byron's burlesque of *Emerald* was originally produced at the Strand Theatre, and in the cast were then included, Clarke and Rogers, Marie Wilton and Fanny Josephs, all of them in the very height of their fame as delineators of burlesque. It says much, therefore, both for author and company, that on its revival the piece should come out quite freshly, and apparently as welcome as when the gloss of novelty was still upon it. Mr. Edward Terry now plays Claude Frollo, and Mr. Paulton, Quasimodo, and both are excellent. Miss Cullen as *Emerald*, and Miss Della G. Odell as *Pierre Gringoire* have all the good looks and sparkling vivacity indispensable to this theatre. Miss Amy Sheridan, of course, looks handsome as Captain Phœbus, and, judging from the reception awarded on Monday night, the second run of *Emerald* may be as long and as successful as the first.

HANDEL FESTIVAL, 1871.

MANY important improvements, suggested by past experience, conspire to render the Handel Festival of 1871 unsurpassed in the musical annals of this or any other country; the most prominent of these is the rapid advance in the knowledge, culture, and musical taste of the vast chorus of singers. Under the able generalship of Sir Michael Costa, this army of musicians has been weeded, recruited, and periodically drilled, and each member must have a certificate, which represents a high status of musical proficiency, before he can be enrolled in the ranks as an effective. The result of recent rehearsals, if we are informed aright, tends to the belief that the concertation of 1871 will produce no mere mechanical rendering of the great composer's works, but an absolutely perfect and intellectual exposition, by a highly-trained, experienced, and accomplished body of artists, produced with the assistance of extraordinary resources never on any former occasion brought into such perfect and gigantic combination. The directors have reason to be in the highest degree satisfied with the improved acoustical qualities of the Centre Theatre, which will tend very materially to enhance the general effect of the solos not less than that of the choruses. This is probably as much the result of some natural process of adaptation in the materials to the often recurring influence of the sound as it is of any improvement in the arrangements themselves. Messrs. Gray and Davison's organ, in view of the approaching event, has been proportionately enlarged—in fact, for the first time completed according to the scale of the original design—so that its accompaniment may be in every respect worthy of the occasion.

The liberal arrangements of the executive, supplemented as they have been by an equally liberal tariff on the part of the railway companies, induce us to recommend those of our readers who do not wish to miss the opportunity of being present—only afforded, it is noted, but the opportunity to apply forthwith for their tickets, which, in anticipation of the importance of the event, we understand are being rapidly bought up.

LITERARY, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, AND FINE ARTS JOTTINGS.

AMONG forthcoming novels we hear of one by Major Whyte Melville, entitled *St. Helena*. The scene is laid in classic times, as in *The Gladiators* by the same writer. The author of *Six Months Hence* is going to make a second essay, and Capt. Mayne Reid promises a new romance.

MR. CHEVALIER will exhibit at the Crystal Palace his water-colour drawings illustrating the tour of the Duke of Edinburgh in India, Ceylon, Australia, and New Zealand.

LORD MAYOR has offered a prize for a novel description of Indian life.

PRINCE PONTAVERSKI will present a new mass, and give a selection from his works, at a *matinée musicale* which will take place at St. James's Hall on the 14th of June.

MR. CUESWICK has made his first appearance in America, at the Fourteenth-street Theatre, New York. He played Joe in Mr. Watts Phillips's Surrey drama, "Nobody's Child."

MR. HANBY A. ISAACS has purchased the statue of the Princess of Wales, by Mr. C. E. Van Deubosch, now in the International Exhibition, for presentation to the City of London.

MADAME PATTI, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Signora Nicolini, Bossi, Bettini, and Bevinigani are engaged for the next opera season at Moscow.

WE regret to announce the death at Mayence of M. Jean Schott. He died in his sixty-second year; he was founder of the various houses of Messrs. Schott, and was well known for his sound musical knowledge and able business capacities.

The King of Wurtemberg has given Herr Edward Singer the gold medal for art and science in consideration of the services rendered to the cause of music by that gentleman.

WAGNER'S "Tannhäuser" has been given with success at Chicago, U.S. Wolfman and his companions are mounted on real horses, and the Americans are no little pleased therewith.

The following works of Beethoven have been selected to be given at the Bonn Festival in his honour next August:—*Mass in D*; *Symphony in C minor*; *Overture to "Leonora" (No. 3)*; *air from "Fidelio"*; *Symphony Eroica*; *march and chorus from "The Ruins of Athens"*; *violin concerto*; *piano-forte and choral fantasia*; *overture to "Coriolanus"*; *piano-forte concerto in E flat*; *"Ah! Perfido"*; *overture to "Egmont"*; and the *Choral Symphony*.

THALDIEG was buried at Naples with great pomp. Two military bands joined in the procession, and the orations delivered over the grave moved the mourners to tears.

MR. GOODALE, R.A., has it is said, sold his Egyptian sketches to Mr. S. Johnson for £5,000.

THE REV. R. DEMAIS is preparing for publication a "Life of Tyndale," the first translation of the English Bible. MR. EDWIN HAYNES, on behalf of the bookbinding trade, has written to the *Times*, protesting against the delay in passing the "Prayer-book Table of Lessons Bill," which, "having twice passed the ordeal of the Upper House, has at length come to a dead lock in the House of Commons on what may be termed the second reading." Mr. Haynes says that the postponement of the Bill from time to time is causing the deepest anxiety to the workers, male and female, in the bookbinding trade. As a proof of the distress which has so long prevailed, he refers to the expenditure of £2,500 in relieving unemployed workmen in the space of one year and four months. This sum has been furnished by two trade benefit societies, numbering only 1,100 members, and it does not, he says, include the female portion, who have had nothing to fall back upon whatever.

A VICTIM of unrequited affection concludes as follows:—

"I sat me down and thought profound;
This maxim wise I drew:
It's easier far to like a girl
Than make a girl like you."

THE FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

NO great changes have to be recorded in the fashions for June. The summer weather having fully set in, dresses in all kinds of light material are again in vogue. At the Crystal Palace Flower Show and at the Horticultural Gardens on Wednesday, many exceedingly pretty costumes were observable. One lady, the Countess of Flanders, was charmingly dressed in a stone-coloured silk, very long, with cross-way flounces of rose-pink silk, edged with lace, and caught up in vandylies. Her tunic was long and bouffant, trimmed with rose-coloured silk and lace, the body and skirt trimmed with basques, and with a bonnet also gray and pink. The Princess of Teck—our own Princess Mary of Cambridge—wore a light mauve silk trimmed with rows of white lace reaching to the waist. Her bonnet was mauve and white crepe. The Duchess of Sutherland was attired in a rich gray silk; Lady Susan Leslie Melville, in blue; and a lady in attendance on the Countess of Flanders, in red mauve silk.

FOR Walking Costumes, *poult de soie* of pale dead-peach colour is much used. They are trimmed with velvet three or four shades darker; the bodices with basques back and front, with waist-coat on front. The tunic has a pointed apron in front with deep flounce, separate from the back part of the tunic, which may be worn with or without it. The back part of the tunic is looped underneath with tapes. With these dresses a gipsy hat of double Dunstable straw plait, trimmed with ribbons at the back, strings of the same colour as the dress, and deep damask roses in front is the most fashionable. The tunic is edged with lace, with hood, a low of black velvet at the tie of the hood at the back, and one in front; this velvet is edged with narrow lace. Striped cambrics are also coming into fashion, and the slip of a plain colour, the same shade as the strip of the dress.

FOR Morning Costumes buff linen is much in vogue. The panier is looped and puffed, trimmed with Cluny lace the same colour, or white, and a band of black velvet above the lace. With these costumes is worn a simple scarf of the same material edged with lace, with hood, a low of black velvet at the tie of the hood at the back, and one in front; this velvet is edged with narrow lace. Striped cambrics are also coming into fashion, and the slip of a plain colour, the same shade as the strip of the dress.

AMONG fancy materials for dresses we have been much pleased with a Parisian fabric entitled "La Belle," which is finished alike on both sides and is produced in very exquisite tints. This material is sold by Messrs. Lonsdale of Aldgate, a very excellent establishment by the way for all kinds of ladies' dresses and drapery; their neutral gray crystalline silks for light mourning, and *poult de soie* in every possible shade, which are so much worn, being as low in price as they are excellent in quality, while such specialties as the "Daisy" the "Princess," the "Falscapa Swiss," and others, are all characterised by the best possible taste.

B. NETS are much larger than hitherto; but the gipsy, in its various shapes, is the most popular, and will probably hold through the summer.

HATS of all shapes are in great favour. Those with a broad brim are preferred for the sea-side and country excursions.

THE HAIR is still worn high on the top of the head, but the rolls on each side so long prevalent are not now often seen. Curls and soft braids are more patronised. Diadems of braided hair which cross the head are becoming and convenient, as they conceal thinness in the parting and suggest curls.

SLEEVES are generally made wide, excepting for morning wear, then a deep and wide cuff is worn over a tight sleeve.

BODICES have postilion basques at the back, and an imitative waistcoat in front. Whatever the shape of the basque, it should project the panier with full underneath it. "Dress improvers," are necessary.

SKIRTS are therefore short and gored, just long enough to escape the ground, and many of them are without trimming.

PAÑIERS are worn short to admit of the panier and basque. They are either small round jackets of the same material as the dress, edged with a pleating of silk, pinked of a shade lighter or darker, or of a ruching of silk frayed at the edges.

SCARF MANTELS are generally for young ladies. For children they take the shape of the Colleen Bawn at the back; the long and narrow ends passing underneath the waistband in the front.

COATS MANTELS are worn the shape of those in the early days of Queen Charlotte, a century ago; with common hoods trimmed with lace, and the ends are loose in front. Some made without hoods, gored in the centre of the back, and have two bows and long ends, one placed at the back of the neck, the other hanging down, so that the broad ends fall over the basque of the bodice.

COOKERY AND DOMESTIC HINTS.

COWSLIP WINE.—Add 6lbs. of crushed lump sugar to 2 gallons of water, boil for about 40 minutes, removing the scum as it comes to the surface. Pour the liquor into a tub to cool, and add the rind of two lemons. When cold, add two quarts of cowslip flowers and the juice of two lemons. Let the liquor remain in the tub for 48 hours, and stir it every two or three hours, then put it into a small jar or bottle, in which let it stand for three weeks or a month; then rack off and bottle. The addition of a little brandy will be no detriment.

TO PREVENT THE ATTACKS OF GYARS.—One of the best preservatives against gnats, as well as one of the best cures for their stings, is camphor. Camphor is very easily made and is most effectual, not only against insects, but against the effects of harsh winds. Put one ounce of spermaceti, a quarter of an ounce of white wax, and half an ounce of camphor, into one ounce of olive oil; put these ingredients into an earthenware jar, set it in a cool oven, and while melting stir frequently. Pour into little pots for use.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—Many cosmetics have been recommended for this purpose, but these are generally more or less dangerous or injurious to the skin. A very simple and harmless remedy, however, is said to be equal parts of pure glycerine and rose water, applied every night and allowed to dry. The following lotion is also harmless:—one drachm of sal-ammoniac, dissolved in a pint of spring water; add a quarter of an ounce of Eau de Cologne, and apply it night and morning.

POWDER FOR MARBLE.—Melt over a slow fire four ounces of white wax, and while it is warm stir into it with a wooden spatula an equal weight of oil of turpentine; when thoroughly incorporated, put the mixture into a bottle or other vessel which must be well corked whenever not in use. A little of the above is put upon a piece of flannel and well rubbed upon the marble till the desired tinge is attained.

TO REMOVE GRASS FROM CARPETS.—Scrape and pound together equal quantities of magnesia and fullers-earth, and mix them into a paste with boiling water. Lay this hot as possible on the grass spots and leave it a day. When it is quite dry brush it off, and the grease will be found to have disappeared.

GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT.—Take three teaspoonfuls of tincture of myrrh, two of honey, a glass of port wine, and the four glassfuls of water; mix all these ingredients, and the gargle is ready for use. A decoction of the leaves of the black currant may, with good effect, be added, instead of the warm water. This makes both a pleasant and most useful gargle for general domestic use.



FIG. 147.—BROWN STRAW HAT.



FIG. 148.—WHITE SPOTTED MUSLIN BODY.



FIG. 149.—NEW SHAPE GIPSY BONNET.

Latest Continental Fashions.

FIG. 147.—BROWN STRAW HAT WITH DOUBLE RIM.—Cover each rim with brown silk, and edge with white lace. Trim the crown, first with a band of brown silk round the crown, and stud it with daisies—a bunch of daisies at right side, and a bunch of grapes in front. Bow of brown ribbon and ends at left side, and black lace fall at back. Hair in a loose coil.

FIG. 148.—WHITE SPOTTED MUSLIN BODY, with *basques* to be worn over a low-necked dress. It is made high to the throat, and has a deep square collar, edged with lace and ribbon, the colour of the dress. Pagoda sleeves, trimmed with ribbon to match dress, and edged with lace. The *basques* are cut in deep *vandykes*, and are edged round with lace and ribbon to match dress. Band colour of dress, pointed back and front and edged with deep fringe. Bow and ends at back, edged with deep fringe.

FIG. 149.—NEW SHAPE OF GIPSY BONNET, WITH FRONT BRIM TURNED UP, FORMING DIADEM.—White straw; line it throughout with black, and edge it round with very narrow lace. Place a puff of tulle inside brim to form cap. The strings, which are edged with fringe, are stitched to crown outside of bonnet. The trimming consists of a rosette bow of ribbon on left side, with silver buckle and long lace lappets falling at back. Long white ostrich feather, reaching from bow on left side, and falling over the back of bonnet to the right.

FIG. 150.—No. 1.—BLACK SILK SKIRT, trimmed with scallops of crimped black satin ribbon, headed with two plain rows of same crimped ribbon. A black satin bow between each scallop. This trimming is repeated five times at regular intervals up skirt. Tunic open in front, rounded off at sides, and looped up with button and loop, placed outside skirt. It is trimmed round to match skirt. Black body, with *basques*, trimmed to match skirt. Simulated collar of crimped ribbon. Pagoda sleeves, trimmed to match skirt, &c. Lace tucker round neck. White hat trimmed with black velvet and white feathers.



FIG. 150.—ELEGANT WALKING DRESSES.

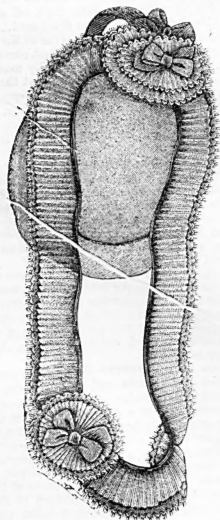


FIG. 151.—WHITE NET MORNING CAP.

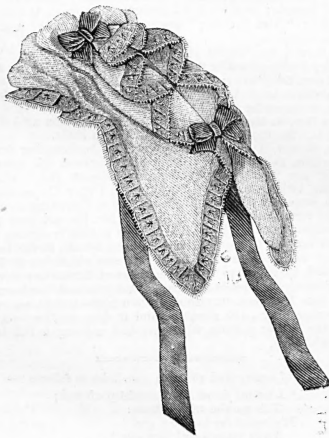


FIG. 152.—WHITE MUSLIN MORNING CAP.

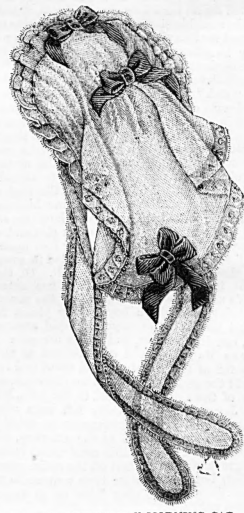


FIG. 153.—WHITE NET MORNING CAP.

No 2.—MAUVE SILK DRESS.—Skirt trimmed with frill of same material with broad ribbon in centre of frill edged with lace. Short tunic, with puff and long ends of fringed ribbon hang over tunic skirt from under the puff at back. The tunic is trimmed to match the skirt. High, tight body, with *basques*, trimmed to match tunic and skirt. Bow and ends at waist at back. Pagoda sleeves, trimmed to match skirt, &c. The same trimming forms collar round neck. White lace tucker and sleeves. White hat, trimmed with mauve velvet, and feather. Mauve gloves.

FIG. 151.—WHITE NET MORNING CAP.—The crown is cut perfectly round, and has an elastic run through it to form shape of silk nets. It is bordered round with a deep plaiting of net, edged with narrow lace, which plaiting forms *Benetton* strings, joined at side with a rosette of plaited net, and bow in centre. A double rosette of plaited net is also placed at top of cap over forehead, with bow centre, and another bow at back of rosette to fall over the cap at back. A narrow coloured ribbon edged inside of plaiting.

FIG. 152.—WHITE MUSLIN MORNING CAP.—A scarf of muslin, about half a yard in width and one a-half in length, will make this cap. Slant off the ends almost to a point, edge the muslin entirely round with a plaiting of light-coloured gauze ribbon. Then make a foundation of stiff net, to fit the head; tack the muslin round front of foundation, and gather up the centre of scarf to back of foundation, according to plate, with a bow to match the gauze plaiting. Arrange folds at back, according to plate, and stitch them together—a bow being placed on last fold. Strings to match bows.

FIG. 153.—WHITE NET MORNING CAP.—A yard of net will make two of these caps. Cut the square in half cross-way, thus forming two three-cornered handkerchiefs. One of these suffices; round the corners, then plait the front according to plate. Cut off at sides to fit the head, and edge round the front with a double row of lace, which forms a frill. Place a coloured bow in centre. Gather the plaits at back with a second bow. The cap is edged round with a narrow ribbon, colour of bows, and white lace. A third bow is placed at tip of fall. Net strings, edged with ribbon, colour of bows, and lace.



"CAUGHT IN A SQUALL—RECEIVERS IN THE DISTANCE."

QUEEN'S.—JOAN OF ARC.—Mr. and Mrs. ROBERT EVANS. In Tom Taylor's great historical drama of JOAN OF ARC, at eight o'clock. Seats from 7s. to 1d. None to be had gratis. Free admission abolished for ever.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—Lenses and Managers, Miss Maria Wilson, Mrs. Bancroft. The celebrated original comedy, *JOAN OF ARC*, written by T. W. B. Bottom, will be performed EVERY EVENING, at eight o'clock, by Mr. Hare, Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Addison, Mr. Collette, Mr. Bancroft, Miss Anne Joseph, Miss Le Talier, and Miss Maria Wilson. At 7.30, *CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING*, an original comedietta by Thorne Smith. Mr. Collette, Mr. Montgomery, Miss Carotta Addison.—Box-office hours, eleven till five.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Managers, Messrs. B. Webster and F. B. Chatterton. Grand combination of attractions EVERY EVENING. New Farce, new Drama, and new Comic Ballet. Doors open at half-past six; commence at seven. Stage manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Prices from 1d. to 3 guineas. Box-office open from ten till five daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Mr. SOTHERN, having recovered from his severe illness, will positively appear THIS EVENING (Saturday), May 27, and every evening, in a new and original comedy-drama, in four acts, written by Henry J. Byron, entitled *AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN*, or *The Squire's Last Shilling*. To commence at seven, with the musical piece *MIS HIEP-MAKING*. Madame Mantou (Use Bianchese), with a Madrigal, Miss Emma Wright. After which, at eight, a new and original comedy-drama, entitled *AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN*, or *The Squire's Last Shilling*. Characters by Mr. Sothern, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Howe, Mr. Edward Arnold, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Brail, Mr. P. Osborne, Miss Anne Joseph, Mr. Le Talier, and Miss Maria Wilson. At 7.30, *CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING*, an original comedietta by Thorne Smith. Mr. Collette, Mr. Montgomery, Miss Carotta Addison.—Box-office open daily from ten till five.

Theatres and Amusements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—This Evening (Saturday), *L'Africaine*, Half-past Eight.
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LAUREL LANE.—This Evening (Saturday), *Robert le Diable*, Half-past Eight.
HAYMARKET.—Mischief Making.—An English Gentleman.—Uncle Fozzie. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Down in a Balloon.—(At a Quarter to Eight) *Notre-Dame*—Fantaisie. Seven.
LYCEUM.—F. each Play every evening. Eight.
PRINCESS'S.—Belles of the Kitchen—Mr. of the World. Seven.
GAIRY.—The Two Harlequins—Burdell v. Pickwick—Aladdin. Seven.
OLYMPIA.—The Dumb Belle—Daisy Fara—A Chapter of Accidents. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Secret Service—Pull and Partner Joe—Rival Romances. Seven.
STRAND.—Lodgers and Dodgers—Neighbours—Emeralda. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Cut off with a Shilling—Ours. Half-past seven.
CLARE.—The Four Cousins—Falsacappa. The Compositure Toque. Seven.
DESA.—Comedie.—French Plays every evening.
VAUDEVILLE.—Twisted Rights—Orange Tree and the Humble Bee.—Seven.
ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Great Expectations—Creatures of Impulse.—Not at all Jealous. Seven.
NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—Nell.—The Fireman and Volunteer. Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, CIRCUS.—Lulu—Scenes in the Arena.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

JUNE
4. SUNDAY.—Trinity Sunday.
5. Monday.—Sunrise 3.48 a.m.
6. Tuesday.—Waltzes introduced into England, 1813.
7. Wednesday.—Sheep-shearing begins.
8. Thursday.—Sun sets 8.11 p.m.
9. Friday.—Moon sets 10.44 a.m.
10. Saturday.—"Big Ben" cast, 1836.

Our Letter Basket.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER is published by E. Marlborough and Co., 4 Ave Maria-lane, E.C. It may also be obtained at the Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the General Office, 97, Fleet-street; single copies, post free, for 3d.; three copies for 10s.

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AGENT FOR FRANCE AND CONTINENTAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
Mr. Kinnear, 95, Rue de Lafayette, Paris.

PERPLEXED MAIDEN.—What is the exact meaning of that phrase "very intimate"? Is the young lady secretly engaged to the "family friend"? and if so, why does she conceal the fact from her family? Having thus asked "Perplexed Maiden" some questions which we trust she will answer categorically, we will reply to her queries. Let us hear him in, by all means. Unless you are "very intimate" indeed, it is rude not to do so. 2nd. Certainly not. The gentleman would feel hurt by such a suggestion, for which there is not the slightest necessity. We hope if you have offered, the gentleman declined gracefully. Many thanks for your kind wishes. There is not the slightest fear of so terrible a calamity overtaking the world as that to which you allude.

MAHA.—You will see for the future that your cause of complaint will be removed. To a great extent we agree with you as to the department in question, but it seems impossible to dispense therewith altogether. The portraits and biographies will be given frequently; but not, as before, always. Interesting as they were to "Mara," she should remember that *l'opéra perdue* disgraces the epicure at last.

A SOLDIER'S WIDOW.—Your very best course would be to apply to the Secretary of the Royal Cambridge Asylum. This institution was established in the year 1851, and is the only one which exists for the benefit of the soldier's widow who receives no pension or allowance from the Government of the country, and is left in old age and infirmity totally unprovided for, with no home but the workhouse. There are at present fifty-one widows in the asylum; five vacancies have occurred during the year. Five additional widows were elected on Saturday last from a list of twenty-two approved candidates. In doing this the committee stated that they rely on the support of the subscribers to enable them not only to meet the increased expenses, but to extend the benefits of the charity widely among the widows of the British army. Five additional widows were elected on the 25th of May, 1870. £1,000 Stock Scinde Railway has been purchased at the cost of £1,023 17s., and £140 Stock Madras Railway at the cost of £154 18s. £800 Madras Railway Stock has been paid off, and reinvested in Scinde Railway at the cost of £814 1s.

COQUETTE.—The prettiest method of draping a toilette table for a young lady's room is with pink or blue glazed lining, covered with muslin. Your glass should be draped with muslin tied at the top and sides with ribbons of the same colour as the lining round the toilette-table. It is quite unnecessary to have any great variety of perfumes, but be sure that what you have, whether cheap or expensive, are the best of their kind. Old Brown Windsor is the very best

of all scented soaps, but even this is far inferior to pure curd. Never forget, moreover, that good yellow soap is both sweeter and more wholesome than the common scented kinds.

A WOMAN IN WANT OF A VOTE.—1. The Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli was born in London, in the year 1805, and published his dashing novel, "Vivian Grey," in 1827. Whatever differences there may be in political opinion, there can be no doubt of the transcendent genius of the leader of Her Majesty's opposition. He is all intellect. It is not too much to say, that the great hatred expressed towards him by some Liberals is due not so much to the opinions he holds, as that he by sheer brain power has rendered those opinions respectable. 2. Louis Adolphe Thiers, the president of the Versailles Assembly, entered his 75th year on the 10th of April last. He has always been too good a Frenchman to be a great statesman, and his "History of the Consulate and the Empire" can only be described as a brilliant fiction, to the influence of which is owing much of the force of that "Napoleonic Idea" he has for so many years past been endeavouring to destroy.

CONFOUNDED.—How can we possibly divine, unless you send us further particulars? If you really wish our advice, you must make a clean breast of the entire story; but we are sure that we are always happy to assist any of our readers to the full extent of our power, we never invite confidences. All we receive are spontaneous.

CORDELA.—Have you neither father, brother, or other male relative, who will punish him as he deserves. These contemptible parodies on manhood are utterly unworthy any serious indignation, but a sound horsewhipping administered calmly is a good corrective.

CONSTANT CLARA.—Thank you for your good opinion of the opening chapters of the story. We fully believe you will find it improve as it goes on. It must be acknowledged that the worthy lady does make somewhat mercenary confessions, but he remembered we are reading her most secret thoughts. And we are not all of us slightly selfish at times?

A.—We are very sorry to have written to us respecting the disappearance of the usual portrait from our first page. Mara, whom we have answered above, and Hero-worship seem afraid of losing them even for one week. A kindly Critic, C. S. H., Bessie L., J. C. D., Queen Bee, F. F., S. J. G. G., Lily, and some others congratulate us on the change, and express themselves quite tired of the one style of illustration, while Variety, Emily, Mary Queen of Scots, Philippa, Saucy Kate, and a Matron, while agreeing with the abolition of a fixed rule, trust we shall remove the series when any general curiosity is aroused about a public man or woman. Let us add that the *juste milieu* recommended by this set of correspondents is the one we intend to follow.



SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1871.

It is with the highest gratification we notice the attempts—systematic and well-organised—now being made to secure the high education of women. Last week we called attention to the satisfactory growth of the college at Hitchin. To-day our paper contains the names of the successful candidates at the London University, and the regulations of the forthcoming Cambridge examination for women. These latter, grudging as they are, are still a step in the right direction; but it is not the highest culture only that has to be thought of—the general tone of female education must also be carefully borne in mind.

On Wednesday evening a paper on this subject was read at the Society of Arts, by Mrs. W. Grey, who referred specially to the education given to girls in all schools above the elementary schools, and the facts on which she dwelt were contained in the "Reports of the Schools Inquiry Commission on the Education of Girls." The commissioners thus summed up the result of their inquiries:—"Want of thoroughness and foundation; want of system; slovenliness and showy superficiality; inattention to rudiments; undue time given to accomplishments, and those not taught intelligently, or in any scientific manner; and want of organisation." Nothing could give so deplorable a measure of the low condition of girls' education as the fact that it was universally pronounced, on the best authority, to be very inferior to that of boys. The only points on which that judgment was reversed in favour of girls were reading and spelling. As regarded religious knowledge also the evidence was not unfavourable, and it was worth noticing that the religious difficulty was less felt in girls' schools than in boys'. Mrs. Grey pointed out the means by which she believed the low state of women's education in this country could be raised, and expressed a hope that the Society of Arts, which had already done so much for education, would take the matter up and lend its powerful aid to the scheme she had to propose. Her remedies were—1. The creation of a sounder public opinion respecting the need and obligation of educating women; 2. The redistribution of educational endowments so as to give a fair share of them to girls; and 3. The improvement of the female teachers by their examination and registration, according to fixed standards. Having dwelt upon these points, Mrs. Grey expressed a hope that the society would give its valuable assistance in the formation of an educational league, embracing all who were actively interested in the cause, and having for its object what she might call the three points of the educational charter of women—the equal right of women to the education recognised as the best for human beings, the equal right of women to a share in the existing educational endowments of the country, and to be considered no less than boys in the creation of any new endowments, and the registration of teachers, with such other measures as might raise teaching to a profession as honourable and honoured for women as for men. Mrs. Grey certainly does not ask too much, and it is

seriously to be hoped that she will receive cordial co-operation in obtaining the scant measure of justice she claims for her own sex.

The report of the Select Committee on Vaccination will, we trust, serve to remove the last vestiges of prejudice from the minds of those who have really entertained doubts of the efficacy of the great preventive discovered by the great Jenner. Those who have led an opposition to the Compulsory Vaccination Acts from interested motives, will of course continue their agitation as before, as it is rarely, indeed, that persons admit their conversion from opinions which they have adopted as it were professionally. But those on whom they have really impressed their views are in a different position. They have believed the terrible stories of blotches, and eruptions and sores following vaccination, of which those people have a monopoly, as, curiously enough, the members of the medical profession never encounter them. They have accordingly considered they were doing their duty to their children in preserving them from such risks, and however much we might differ from them, and deplore their errors, we could hardly blame them. It is to be hoped that the reports of the evidence given by the Committee will disabuse them, and that, now it has been made manifest, as all people previously believed, that the present epidemic is due solely to the neglect of vaccination, and that at least nine-tenths of the deaths have been owing either to the ignorance or the indifference of parents, even before the recommendations of the Committee are enforced, every mother will hasten to confer on her children this great safeguard against the most terrible of all the ills flesh is heir to. Every one should bear in mind the opinion given by one of the most eminent and experienced witnesses examined by the Committee. "Vaccination," said Sir W. Jenner, "is undoubtedly as great a safeguard against small-pox as small-pox itself."

CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION FOR WOMEN.

The syndicate appointed to conduct the examination of students not members of the university have reported to the senate as follows:—

"By grace of the senate dated October 29, 1868, a scheme was sanctioned for the examination of women who have completed their 18th year, and the superintendence of the scheme was committed to this syndicate. One provision was that the scheme continue in force for three years, so as to include the examinations in 1869, 1870, 1871. The syndicate have had the satisfaction of finding that the number of candidates, which was small in the first year, has increased from 36 in 1869 to 127 in 1871, and they have reason to think that the operation of the scheme has been eminently beneficial. They therefore recommend that the examinations be continued according to the following regulations, which are the same as those sanctioned by grace of the senate October 29, 1868, with the exception of (6), which was then as follows:—'That neither the names of the candidates nor any class list be published.' (See Book of Ordinances, p. 139.)

"1. That an examination be held once in every year for women who have completed 18 years of age before the 1st of January of the year in which the examination takes place.

"2. That this examination be under the superintendence of the syndicate constituted by grace of the senate February 11, 1868, for the conduct of the examinations of students who are not members of the university.

"3. That the examinations be held in such places as the syndicate may approve.

"4. That the candidates be required to pay fees at the discretion of the syndicate.

"5. That every candidate be examined in religious knowledge, unless she declare in writing her objection to such examination.

"6. That it be left to the syndicate to decide whether the names of the candidates and the class lists be published or not.

"7. That the candidates who have satisfied the examiners receive certificates, and those who have passed the examination with credit, certificates of honour."

The Vice-Chancellor invited the attendance of general members of the senate in the Arts School for Saturday afternoon last, and presided, as a matter of course. The general attendance, however, comprised that of only seven gentlemen in all: C. F. Browne (Catharine), Mr. Jackson and Mr. Stewart (Trinity), Mr. Rose (Emmanuel), and Mr. J. W. Cooper (Trinity Hall).

The report being taken as read, no observation was offered by any of those present, and hence it may be taken that its recommendations meet the general approval of the senate.

FASHIONABLE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

THIS DAY (Saturday).—Gun Club—Second day of the Great Champion Sweepstakes. Hurlingham Club—Handicap, out of the book, Optional Stakes. The band of the Scots Fusiliers will be in attendance.—June 5. The Duchess of Buccleuch's evening party. Lady Hatfield's evening concert. The Hon. Lady Adair's second dance, 35, Eaton-place. Mr. Wilhelm Ganz's annual grand morning concert, under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary of Teck, at St. James's Hall; to commence at 2.30. Philharmonic Society—St. James's Hall.—7. Mrs. Gladstone's evening party. Mrs. Benyon's concert.—9. Mrs. Allsopp's dance, 11, Upper Belgrave-street. FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS.—12. Madame Anichini Scala's *grande soirée musicale*, at, by kind permission, 3, Palace-house. Grand morning concert, St. James's Hall, at two o'clock; conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.—13. The Lady Mayness's ball, to meet his Royal Highness Prince Arthur. Mrs. Hanbury Leigh's ball.—Mrs. Fletcher's ball, 52, Grosvenor-gardens.—14. Love at St. James's Palace. The Duke of Devonshire's assembly. The Countess of Radnor's first ball. The Dowager Countess Cowper's first ball. The Countess of Airli's afternoon party, at Airli Lodge. Lady Cairns's evening party. Lady Pakemham's Count and Countess de Brunsau's ball.—15. The Duke of Devonshire's ball to the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, at Chessham House.—16. The Duchess of Buccleuch's ball.—19. Grand Caledonian fancy dress ball, at Willis's Rooms.—21. Concert at Buckingham Palace. The Duke of Devonshire's assembly.—23. Breakfast at Buckingham Palace.—27. State ball at Buckingham Palace.—28. The Countess of Radnor's second ball.—5. The Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue and Frances Countess Waldegrave's dinner and ball, to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Strawberry Hill.



Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

WEDNESDAY in last week being the anniversary of the Queen's birthday, the Crathie choir serenaded her Majesty, who remains at Balmoral, in the morning.

The Queen went out in the morning with Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, and in the afternoon drove to meet his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, who arrived at the Castle at a quarter before four o'clock, attended by the Hon. Elliot Yorke.

Her Majesty drove out afterwards with Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Leopold.

The Queen invested his Royal Highness Prince Leopold with the Order of the Thistle.

On Thursday morning the Queen went out, attended by the Marchioness of Ely; and in the afternoon drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice.

The Duke of Edinburgh went out fishing, and Prince Leopold out driving.

Lord Dufferin and the Hon. E. Yorke had the honour of dining with her Majesty.

The Queen walked out on Friday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice.

Her Majesty gave a dance to the servants and tenants, in celebration of her birthday, in a large tent close to the Castle. The dance commenced at six o'clock. Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Leopold, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting were present part of the time.

The Queen went out on Saturday morning with Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon with Prince Leopold and the Dowager Duchess of Athole.

Lord Dufferin had the honour of dining with her Majesty.

The Rev. Principal Tulloch, one of her Majesty's chaplains, arrived at the Castle.

The Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Leopold, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Athole and Viscount Ballduff, were present at Divine service on Sunday at the parish church of Crathie. The Rev. Principal Tulloch, one of her Majesty's chaplains, officiated.

Lord Dufferin and the Rev. Principal Tulloch had the honour of dining with her Majesty.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Princess of Wales drove out on Friday, accompanied by Prince Arthur.

Prince Christian visited the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

In the evening the Prince of Wales, with Prince John of Glücksburg, and attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale, dined with the Earl and Countess of Sefton at their residence, Belgrave-square.

The Princess of Wales drove out on Saturday morning, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Arthur.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by General Sir William Knollys and Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale, met his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia at the Victoria Terminus of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and accompanied his Imperial Highness to Claridge's Hotel, Brook-street.

In the evening the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince John of Glücksburg, presided at the annual dinner of the 10th Hussars at Willis's Rooms.

General Sir William Knollys, the Hon. A. T. Fitzmaurice, and Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale were in attendance.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince John of Glücksburg attended Divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday. The service was performed by the Rev. the Sub-Dean, the Hon. and Rev. R. C. Boyle, and the Rev. J. Antrobus. Anthem, "God is a Spirit," Sir S. Bennett. Sung by Master Gwyard, Messrs. Hodges, Lloyd, and Wilkinson. Mr. George Cowper presided at the organ. The sermon was preached by the Dean of Windsor, Lord High Almoner, from the Epistle to the Romans, chap. viii. v. 26.

Prince Arthur visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon.

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia also visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House and remained to luncheon.

The Prince of Wales, with Prince John of Glücksburg, met the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia on Monday, and accompanied his Imperial Highness to Tilbury, where the royal party embarked on board Lord Alfred Paget's yacht and witnessed the water match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

The Princess of Wales drove out, accompanied by Prince Arthur.

His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House in the evening, and accompanied their royal highnesses to the Opera Comique Theatre.

Prince John of Glücksburg dined with General Sir William Knollys, at their residence in Eaton-square.

The Princess of Wales drove out on Tuesday, accompanied by Prince John of Glücksburg.

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and remained to luncheon.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, inspected the Civil Service Volunteers at Wimbledon. In attendance were Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale and Mr. Knollys.

The Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Christian, and Prince Teck visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House in the evening, and afterwards accompanied their royal highnesses to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden.

The Prince of Wales presided at a meeting of a committee of the Royal Commissioners for the International Exhibition of 1881.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur is now convalescent, and left Buckingham Palace on Monday afternoon for Frogmore, to stay some time with their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian.

THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR OF RUSSIA.

The event of the week in fashionable circles has been the arrival in England of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch of Russia, second son of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor, who travelling incognito under the name of Count Ropsha, arrived on Saturday evening from Ems, travelling via Ostend to Dover, and thence by the mail train by the London, Chatham, and Dover line to the Victoria Terminus, which was reached at 9.20 p.m. His imperial highness, who is accompanied by his Excellency Admiral de Bock and Count Schouvaloff, was received at the railway terminus by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Prince John of Glücksburg, who, attended by Sir William Knollys, Colonel Teesdale, and the Hon. A. Fitzmaurice, had been awaiting his arrival. His Excellency Count de Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, was also in attendance to welcome his imperial highness. Immediately on alighting from the train the grand duke was cordially received by the Prince of Wales, in whose carriage the grand duke was driven to Claridge's Hotel, where his imperial highness and suite intend to remain during his sojourn in London, and where the same apartments were retained which were formerly occupied by his father, the present Emperor of Russia, when, as Czarovitch, he visited this country. His Excellency M. Comsiller Privé Paloyeff is in his imperial highness's suite, and preceded his arrival. The grand duke and suite dined at their hotel, and after dinner attended the Italian Opera, Covent-garden. On Sunday morning his imperial highness and retinue attended Divine service at the Russian chapel in Welbeck-street. Afterwards the grand duke paid a visit to the Countess de Brunnow, at Chesham House. The grand duke and principal attendants took luncheon with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. In the afternoon his imperial highness, accompanied by Admiral de Bock and Count Schouvaloff, took a drive in the parks. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, the Duke of Cambridge, his Excellency General Bulow (Danish Minister), Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke d'Osuna, the Earl Granville, the Earl and Countess Vane, Colonel Mansfield (Consul-General at Warsaw), and General Sir W. Knollys called to pay their respects to his imperial highness at Claridge's Hotel.

In the evening his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge received his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia at dinner at Gloucester House, Piccadilly, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince John of Glücksburg, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke and Duchess d'Osuna, and a distinguished circle were invited to meet his imperial highness. On Monday morning his imperial highness, accompanied by Admiral de Bock and Count Schouvaloff, took a drive in the parks. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, the Duke of Cambridge, his Excellency General Bulow (Danish Minister), Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke d'Osuna, the Earl Granville, the Earl and Countess Vane, Colonel Mansfield (Consul-General at Warsaw), and General Sir W. Knollys called to pay their respects to his imperial highness at Claridge's Hotel.

On Tuesday morning the Grand Duke Vladimir, attended by Admiral de Bock and Count Schouvaloff, dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. Early in the afternoon his imperial highness and suite visited the International Exhibition, where they were engaged some hours in going over the several departments. In the evening his imperial highness dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and afterwards accompanied their royal highnesses to the Italian Opera, Covent Garden. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to his imperial highness at Claridge's. His Serene Highness the Prince of Teck and Count Gleichen paid visits to the grand duke at his hotel and inscribed their names in the visiting book.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

On Friday night Lady Beaconsfield had a reception at Grosvenor Gate, when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince John of Glücksburg, honoured her ladyship by his presence.

Previous to the evening party the Right Hon. B. Disraeli and her ladyship entertained at dinner the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford, the Marquis of Dute, the Earl and Countess of Airli, the Earl and Countess of Feversham, the Earl Stanhope, Lord Broughley, Lady Marian Alford, Lord Ronald Gower, Viscount and Viscountess Barrington, Baron and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, and Mr. Montagu Corry.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll, accompanied by their daughter, Lady Mary Campbell, have arrived at Inverary Castle, where they are to remain for a fortnight. Active preparations are being carried on for the reception of her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne at Inverary in August.

Viscount and Viscountess Sydney entertained the following company at dinner on Friday last, at their residence in Cleveland-square, St. James's:—The Marquis and Marchioness Camden, the Earl Cadogan and Lady Mary Cadogan, the Countess of Ashburnham and Lady Katherine Ashburnham, Lord Strathmore, Lord and Lady Otto Fitzgerald, Lord William Hay, Hon. Norman Grosvenor, Sir Edmund and Lady Eileen, Mr. Mills, M.P., and Lady Louise Mills, Mr. Tomline, Mr. Victor Van de Weyer, &c.

The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland and Lady Mary Primrose have left Cleveland House, St. James's, for Battle Abbey, Sussex.

The Duchess of Buccleuch will have an evening party on Monday, the 6th of June, and a ball on Friday, the 10th of June, at Montagu House.

The Marquis of Westminster has returned to Grosvenor House, Park-lane, from Eaton Hall, Chester.

Lord and Lady Clermont have arrived at their residence in Hill-street for the season.

The Hon. Lady Adelerley's second ball takes place on Monday, the 5th of June, at 35, Eaton-place.

The Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue, M.P., and Frances Countess Waldegrave left Charlton-gardens at half-past nine, for Dudbrook, Essex, for the Whitsun holidays.

The Right Hon. B. Disraeli and Viscountess Beaconsfield have left Grosvenor-gate for Houghton Manor.

The Right Hon. W. F. Cowper-Temple, M.P., and Mrs. Cowper-Temple have left town for Broadlands, Hants.

We have to announce the death of the Hon. George de Grey, youngest surviving son of Thomas, third Duke of Devonshire, by his wife, Lady Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Brownlow North, Lord Bishop of Winchester, which occurred at his lodgings in South Audley-street on Friday morning. The hon. deceased was born November 16, 1811, and was a bachelor.

We have to announce the death of Lady Charles Fitzroy, which took place at her residence, Elm Lodge, Hampton, on Saturday, the 1st inst. Lady Fitzroy, Anne Cavendish, second daughter of George Augustus Henry, first Earl of Burlington, by his wife, Lady Elizabeth Compton, daughter of Charles, seventh Earl of Northampton. She was born November 11, 1787, and married, October 25, 1826, Lord Charles Fitzroy, second son of George Henry, fourth Duke of Grafton, by his wife, Lady Charlotte Maria Waldegrave, second daughter of James, second Earl Waldegrave, and afterwards Duchess of Gloucester. By her husband, who died in 1867, her ladyship had issue two sons and two daughters, Captain Cavendish Fitzroy, Mr. Robert Fitzroy, Mrs. Henry Lee Steere, and Miss

Georgiana Fitzroy. The deceased lady was aunt of the present Duke of Devonshire, Lady Fanny Howard, Lord George Cavendish, Lord Chesham, and sister of General the Hon. Henry P. Compton Cavendish.

Colonel and Hon. Mrs. Dudley Carleton were honoured by the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge at dinner on Friday evening, at their residence in Berkeley-square. There were present to meet his royal highness: the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Emily Duchess of Beaufort, the Marquis and Marchioness of昌昌昌, the Marquis of Headfort and Lady Madeline Taylor, the Earl Annesley, the Earl and Countess of Normanton, the Earl and Countess of Listowel, Colonel Hon. H. Forester, Hon. Mrs. Strango Jocelyn, and Colonel the Hon. James Macdonald (enquiry in waiting on his royal highness).

Mrs. Gardner's (Comtesse de Mandelsloh) second dance, announced for Thursday, June 1, is postponed for a few days. The Right Hon. J. Bright, M.P., is expected to pay a visit to Tulchan Lodge, Strathpey, in the month of June. Mr. E. Boss, M.P., arrived at Glentworth, Strathpey, on Saturday last, for a fortnight's fishing. Colonel N. Stewart, M.P., arrived at Glentworth on Tuesday, and Professor Fawcett, M.P., and others are expected to arrive there during the week.—*Evening Courier.*

The death of the Hon. Frederick William Child Villiers, the second son of George, fifth Earl of Jersey, took place at 38, Berkeley-square, on May 24th. The deceased gentleman was informed in *Debut's Peerage* for this year, was born in 1815, entered the army 1832, and retired as captain 1847. He was M.P. for Weymouth 1847-52, and voted generally with the Conservative party. He was a dep.-lieut. of Northamptonshire, and a J.P. for that county, Leicestershire, and Middlesex; was for sometime Lieut-Colonel Commandant of the 5th Middlesex Militia, and was allowed to retire with the rank of Lieut-Colonel. In 1842, he married Lady Elizabeth de Roode-Ginkel, daughter of the 8th Earl of Athlone (which title is extinct).

Mrs. Naylor Leyland gave her first ball on Monday night at her residence in Dover-street, Piccadilly. The approaches to the ball-room and principal apartments were decorated with a profusion of flowers. In the dining-room a table was supplied with refreshments throughout the night. Supper was announced shortly before one o'clock, and was laid out in the two principal saloons, the small drawing-room, and ante-room; the tables were circular, and suitable for parties ranging from eight to twelve, the two principal rooms each having five tables.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur has signified his intention of honouring Lord and Lady O'Neill with his presence at dinner, and afterwards at a dance, on Thursday, the 15th of June.

The Earl and Countess of Denbigh have arrived at their residence in Princess-gate for the remainder of the season.

Lord and Lady Algernon St. Maur have left the St. George's Hotel.

Lady Abinger's evening party will take place on June 15, and her ladyship will also have a ball on June 23.

The Lady Mayores's ball is postponed from Tuesday, June 13, to Thursday, June 29.

Mrs. Macalpine Leny's first dance will take place on Thursday, the 15th of June, at 27, Portman-square.

The Bishop of London has left town for Fulham Palace. His lordship will receive his clergy on Monday next, and on succeeding Mondays, from eleven to two.

A marriage will shortly take place between the Hon. J. T. Wynn, eldest son of Lord Newborough, and Miss Corbett, eldest daughter of Mr. Edwin Corbett, her Majesty's Charge d'Affaires in Central America.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Maude, eldest son of Colonel G. A. Maude, with Miss Pell, only daughter of Lady Pell and the late Admiral Sir W. O. Pell, Kt., is fixed to take place on the 14th of next month at St. James's, Kidbrooke, Blackheath.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas and Lady Cochrane entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening, at their residence in Belgrave-square, Count Hompesch, Baron and Baroness Hochschild, the Earl and Countess of Perth and Lady Edith Drummond, the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, Lord and Lady George Quin, Lord Naas, Hon. H. Bourke, Miss Farquharson, &c.

The Hon. Sir Balfour and Lady Brett entertained at dinner on Saturday the Earl of Ranfurly, Lady Manners and Hon. Miss Manners, Lord William Hay, Lord Ossington, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol and Mrs. Elliott, Hon. Mrs. Frederick Walpole, Sir Dudley and Lady Marjoribanks and Miss Marjoribanks, Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. G. Wickham, &c.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., had a dinner party on Tuesday evening at his residence on Carlton-house-terrace.

Colonel and Mrs. Gascoigne, accompanied by Lady Ashton and the Hon. Miss Trench, have arrived at Maury's Hotel from Parlington.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pratt have arrived at Maury's Hotel from Denham Hall, Altrincham.

Mrs. Hemming will give a dance at her residence, 15, Grosvenor-place, on the 15th of June.

Mrs. William Robertson Sandbach's dance will take place on the 14th June.

The death, on the 22nd of May, at Sharnford Rectory, aged 70, of the Hon. Anne Richardson is announced. We see by this year's *Debut's Peerage* that the deceased lady was the second daughter of Sarah, Baroness Bryne (which title is now in abeyance). She married, first, 1825, J. A. Arnold, Esq., of Luttworth (who died 1844), and secondly, 1847, the Rev. Henry Kemp Richardson, M.A., Rural Dean, Rector of Leire, near Luttworth.

Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., who died at Rolleston Hall, Staffordshire, on the 29th inst., was the eldest of the two sons of Sir Oswald Mosley, of Bolesworth Castle, Chester, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and heir of the Rev. Thomas Tomlin, rector of Little Budworth, Chester, and who died in 1804, the eldest of his father, Sir John Parker Mosley, the first baronet. He was born March 27, 1785, and was educated at Rugby School, whence he proceeded to Brasenose College, Oxford, from which he afterwards received the degree of D.C.L. The lamented deceased succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his grandfather in September, 1798, so that he has been baronet more than 72 years. The late Sir Oswald married January 31, 1804, Sophia Mosley, second daughter of the late Sir Edward Every, Bart., of Egginton, which estimable lady died in June, 1869. For several years—from 1832 to 1837—he represented North Staffordshire in the House of Commons in the Whig interest, being a staunch supporter of Lord Grey's and Lord Melbourne's Governments. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his second and only surviving son, Thomas, born in July, 1813 (late of the Life Guards (Tommy's) regiment, in 1847 to Katherine, daughter of the late Rev. John Wood, of Swanwick, Derbyshire, by whom he has issue three sons.

General Cleanings.

THE Louvre, with the exception of the Pavillon de Richelieu, is intact.

A MONUMENT to Hegel will be inaugurated at Berlin on the 3rd of June next.

VICTOR HUGO has been ordered to leave Belgium, and has set out for London.

FATHER HYACINTH has asked the Pope for an audience, and has been refused.

THE Martini-Henry rifle and Elcho sword-bayonet will be issued to the Guards in the autumn.

M. MICHELET is suffering from cerebral congestion. He is now residing at a villa near Florence.

THE number of Acts of Parliament passed in the present session is 61—22 public and 39 local and general.

SIXTY-FOUR of the hostages held by the insurgents have been shot, including the Archbishop of Paris.

THE Commune is dying hard, the insurgents defending the positions held by them with desperation.

M. ABLES DUFOUR, the well-known French merchant and economist, is now on a visit to London.

THE Spanish Post-office has determined on the adoption of post-cards, such as are in use in England.

THE population of London, as ascertained by the recent census, amounts to 3,251,804 persons.

John Bull hears that in all probability the Government will refer the Licensing Question to a Royal Commission.

THE *Echo du Nord* says the elections for the vacant seats in the Assembly will probably take place on Sunday week.

SIR COLLY SCOTLAND, Chief Justice of Madras, has intimated to the Home authorities his intention to retire from the service.

THE Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne has just died near Poitiers. Under the Empire he was for some time ambassador at London.

THE transfer of the Dutch settlements on the Gold Coast to Great Britain will probably take place about the end of next month.

NEW YORK last week received the cargo of silkworm eggs worth 500,000 dol., which has been en route from Japan, via California, to Europe.

THE steam coal owners of South Wales have resolved to resist the demand of the colliers for an advance of 10 per cent. in their wages.

It is calculated that upwards of 50,000 dead bodies are in the houses and cellars of Paris. The body of Delescluze has been found in one of the thoroughfares.

ANOTHER lady has been recommended for the Order of the Star of India, Ranees Surmoooy of Cossimbazar, whose works of philanthropy have long been famous.

At Templemore, on Saturday, a man named Moloney fired several shots at a fellow-servant in a fit of jealousy. The injured man is not expected to recover.

THE Bishop of London has nominated the Rev. Dr. J. A. Hessey, late head master of Merchant Taylors' School, to be the preacher at his forthcoming Trinity Sunday ordination.

A TREMENDOUS volcanic eruption has taken place in the island of Ruu, accompanied by an earthquake. The country is devastated, and four hundred lives have been lost.

A FIRE took place on Tuesday at the Clyde Jute-works, Glasgow, destroying £10,000 worth of property, and throwing 200 people out of employment. The property was insured.

THE latest style at a dinner party, in America, is to have a fan placed at each lady's plate, on which is printed the bill of fare, and on the side of which is a small looking-glass, so that she is able to survey herself and keep cool.

STEPS are to be taken "at once" for the formation of the new cavalry depot at Canterbury. The depots of the 5th Lancers and 16th Lancers will leave Aldershot for Canterbury on Monday next.

TELEGRAPHIC communication is again open to the Shetland Islands, the cable having been repaired on Saturday afternoon. Messages can now be sent both to the Orkney and Shetland Islands.

AN important deputation is being organised for the purpose of making a representation to the Foreign Office on behalf of the missionaries in China, whose relations with the Celestial Government continue to be unsatisfactory.

THE Irish constabulary have been informed by the officials of the Munster Bank that Mr. Benjamin Stronge Cork, who was manager of the branch bank at Cahir, county Tipperary, has absconded. He is charged with forgery.

THE death of Sir Joseph Causton causes a vacancy in the ward of Bridge Within, which the deceased gentleman had represented since 1867. The election of a successor will probably take place on Monday, 12th June.

THE Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall was opened on Saturday, when there was a very large attendance. The water leaping commenced on Tuesday, the Prince of Wales attended on Wednesday, and the show finally closed on Friday.

FOR the first time since its erection the gaol at Jersey was on Saturday left without a single prisoner for debt, the last person incarcerated having received his discharge that day, he having no means wherewithal to satisfy his creditors.

AT a meeting of the governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital on Thursday last, Mr. Calender, F.R.C.S., the senior assistant-surgeon, was elected surgeon to the hospital in the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Paget, F.R.S.

IN a description of the services at St. Alban's, Holborn, on Ascension-day, it is said that Weber's Mass, in G, was performed by the choir, assisted by full orchestra. On Whit-Sunday, Schubert's Grand Mass, in E flat, was announced as the performance.—*The Echo.*

THE 36 English sparrows imported at Richmond, Virginia, in 1863, have multiplied so much that they now, with their progeny, number over 500. In New York the English sparrows have not only established themselves, but they have driven all the other small birds out.

M. JULES FAYRE has sent a circular note to the French representatives abroad, in which he states that the acts of the insurgents cannot be regarded as political. The representatives are therefore requested to ask for the immediate arrest of all fugitives who may arrive in the country to which they are accredited.

ANOTHER desperate murder has taken place in Tipperary. A poor fellow was literally beaten to death, and his wife was severely injured in her attempts to save him. The cause of the murder, it is said, arose out of the differences between the rival factions.

THE Wesleyans of the city and county of Oxford are actively engaged in considering the desirability of erecting an elegant memorial Chapel in Oxford, to show their appreciation of the great labours of the two brothers (John and Charles Wesley) in evangelising England and her colonies.

THE Committee on Treaties of Commerce at Versailles have resolved, at the expiration of the treaties, to replace them by tariffs. Cotton will have an impost of 30 per cent. The representatives of the ports are the only ones who have stood out for free trade.

IN consequence of the death of Sir John Herschel, Sir J. Shaw Lefevre, the clerk of the Parliaments, becomes the oldest senior wrangler of Cambridge, having attained that distinction in 1818, Sir J. Herschel having been senior wrangler in 1813.

THE French Government has agreed to allow the Orleans Princes to live in France as ordinary citizens. It is said that M. Thiers is to make way for a Fusionist Administration under the Duc de Broglie, with MM. Jules Favre, Drouin de Lhuys, and Count Kératry.

THE coroner's inquiry respecting the death of Sarah Lizzie Weedon, the girl who was drowned by her mother on Thursday week, was concluded at the Horton School-room, near Chaddington, on Saturday. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Susan Weedon, the mother.

THE Bishop of London has appointed Friday, July 7th, for the consecration of Christ Church, South Hackney. An ecclesiastical district has been assigned to the church, which will contain part of the parish of Bethnal-green. The Rev. Dr. J. C. Egan, formerly chaplain to the forces in the East, will be the first incumbent.

ON account of the withdrawal of Mr. Goschen's Local Government Bill, the *Morning Post* says measures will be introduced by the Government, after the Whitechapel recess, having for their object the amendment of the sanitary law. This will be the first instalment of the legislation proposed by the Royal Sanitary Commission.

THE Annual meeting in connection with the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society was held on Tuesday at Guildford. The Earl of Cork occupied the chair. It was decided that the show next year should be held at Dorchester. This will be a second visit to that place. The Duke of Marlborough is to be president next year.

MR. COWASSEE JEHOANIR READYMY NEY, C.S.I., of Bombay, so well known for his lavish liberality on benevolent objects, has again given proof of his heartfelt sympathy with human suffering. He has just offered £50,000, to Government for the purpose of building a lunatic asylum for Bombay, on the condition that this amount is doubled by Government.

CONSIDERABLE alarm was caused on Saturday evening amongst the inhabitants of Covent-garden market by a fire breaking out in the vaults belonging to Mr. Draper, a fruit salesman, &c. When discovered from 300 to 400 sieve baskets were in flames. The fire was extinguished with considerable difficulty. Its origin is unknown.

A DISTINGUISHED London amateur, who treats his friends to the very finest professional music that plenty of money and a discriminating love of art enable him to procure, has one peculiarity—namely, that to these treats he never invites ladies, simply from the idea that their too ample dresses "absorb the sound."

THE strike among the engineers of Newcastle and Gateshead commenced on Saturday, and, except the extensive works of Messrs. R. Stephenson & Co., of Newcastle, and the North-Eastern Company's shops at Gateshead, all the large engine shops in Newcastle and Gateshead will be closed this week by the men turning out for a day's work of nine hours. The struggle which has been commenced has all the appearance of being a very protracted one.

AT the mansion-house on Monday, John Adams and William Hall, residing in Wellington-road, Bow, and George Robinson, a chemist, of Walworth, were brought up for final examination on a charge of breaking and entering the warehouse, 8, Billiter-street, and stealing therefrom a quantity of saffron, value about £250, belonging to Mr. Charles Bremen. The Lord Mayor committed the prisoners for trial.

CHUNDER SEN'S conversion to Wesleyanism is said to be all a mistake, so far as our late visitor is concerned. The convert who bears that name is quite a different man from the Baboo. It is possible that the convert, "the great preacher of Lucknow," as he is called, will have more influence than the philosopher of Calcutta, who does not seem to be making much way.

SEVERAL old Belgian convicts who have returned to Brussels from Paris have been arrested. Spain, as well as Belgium, has resolved upon the surrender of all insurgents who may escape into those countries. The English Ambassador at Versailles is the only one who has not promised to surrender escaped insurgents. The British decision is not yet known.

EDMUND WALTER POOK was brought up again at the Greenwich Police-court on Tuesday, on the charge of murdering Jane Maria Clousen, at Eltham. The evidence given was substantially the same as had been already given at the inquest, and after Mr. Pook had addressed the court, the prisoner, who declared himself innocent, was committed for trial.

AT Hambleton, near Garsting, Lancashire, a widow woman, named Jane Gardner, was murdered by her illegitimate son, Robert Hodgson, on Tuesday morning. Two women who were sitting up with the deceased, who was ill, ran out the house when Hodgson entered the room with an axe in his hand, and on their return found Mrs. Gardner dead from a frightful wound upon her head. Hodgson had been drinking for a fortnight.

A WHITE-THROATED WREN recently built its nest in the letter-box of the Duke of Rutland's gamekeeper at Links, near Newmarket, and produced six young ones. During its incubation the old bird took no notice of the intrusion of the persons who went for the letters night and morning. A short distance off this remarkable nest is an out-quit by a lark under the metals on the line of railway between Newmarket and Dullingham. The bird is sitting upon four eggs, and takes no notice of the thirty trains which pass over the line daily.

THE thunderstorm on Saturday, in passing over Bury St. Edmunds, caused damage to St. John's Church, in that town. The spire of that church was struck by lightning, and the lightning conductor broke midway down the spire. The electric fluid made its way down the stove-pipe into the interior of the church, tearing up the floor round the stove.

Some of the bricks with which the church is paved were thrown through the ceiling into the organ gallery. When the church was opened it was found to be full of sulphurous smoke.

LATE on Friday night the dwelling of a gentleman farmer named Ouinane, in Emly, county Tipperary, was attacked by six men. He threatened to shoot, when a volley was fired by the ruffians through his door and window. A bullet grazed Ouinane's head, but no injury was done. Mr. Ouinane ran out of the house and fired, when the assassins decamped. No arrests have been made. Mr. Ouinane formerly purchased some land in the district, which is the only reason he can assign for the outrage.

A YOUNG man named George Bradley was brought up before the Sheffield stipendiary magistrate on Tuesday, charged with the robbery of £100, a quantity of cigars, gold watch, &c., the property of Mr. Thomas Foster, innkeeper, of £40,000. The prisoner had eloped with the prosecutor's wife on the 20th inst., and the pair had taken the above articles and the money with them. They were discovered, after a long chase, at a fence-house near Newcastle-on-Tyne, living as man and wife. After some evidence had been taken, Bradley was remanded until Friday.

ONE thousand corpses, partially burned with petroleum, to prevent infection, were buried on Tuesday in the Champ de Mars. The *Liberte* describes petroleum as insufficient, and suggests utter cremation by quicklime, not only as a sanitary measure, but to reduce to dishonoured dust the remains of criminals, and leave to future revolutionists no possibility of giving an ovation to their bones.

SIR JOHN GRAY, M.P., and three others, arrived at Taun on Monday, en route to Oughterard, where they will hold a court of arbitration between Captain Nolan, of the Royal Engineers, and his tenantry. The object of the sitting is to award compensation to the tenants who were evicted of the property of Captain Nolan when a young man. The determination of Captain Nolan to compensate his evicted tenantry has given general satisfaction.

THE remains of Mr. Frederick Graves Moon were removed on Tuesday from the house in Newton-road, Westbourne-grove, Paddington, where he met with his death under mysterious and tragical circumstances still under investigation, and conveyed to the rectory house at Feltham, near Leatherhead (the rectory being the brother of the deceased), and deposited in the family vault by the side of Lady Moon, the mother, who died twelve months back.

THE report of the select committee appointed to inquire into the operation of the Vaccination Act has just been published. The committee state that small-pox unchecked by vaccination is a terrible disease regarded from every point of view, and they therefore affirm that it is the duty of the State to endeavour to secure the careful vaccination of the whole population. The report contains valuable expressions of opinion on many of the controversial points connected with the subject.

SOCIAL economists are sadly puzzled about the discovery of the African diamond fields, and ask what will be the effect upon the commercial value of the precious stone, and the answer is satisfactory when based upon comparison with that produced by the influx of gold from California and Australia, the demand for which keeps pace with the supply. Thus will it be with diamonds. Their use will spread to all classes of society. Nothing is ever likely to replace them as ornaments. During the years so much have so much have been required that their value has been doubled, and, what is more strange, the supply has come more from the old Spanish, French, and Italian family jewels than from the mines.

ON Monday morning a fire took place in the stables and provender lofts of Mr. J. Furze, No. 301, Holloway-road. The building was two floors high, and in a short time the place was one mass of flame. The premises were gutted, and a valuable horse burned to death. The origin of the fire is unknown. A very alarming fire also happened in the premises of Messrs. B. Primmers and Sons, cabinetmakers, No. 6, Eldon-street, Hampstead-road. The flames when discovered had obtained a firm hold of about five wagon loads of deals, piled under a timber roof. The valuable stock, and a three-floor building, were greatly damaged by fire, heat, and water.

CONSIDERABLE interest was imparted to the proceedings in the Tichborne case on Tuesday by the examination of the claimant. Previously to his being placed in the box the foreman of the jury asked Lord Chief Justice Bovill whether he did not think the jury entitled to call for the production of the claimant and other important witnesses at the earliest opportunity. The claimant was subjected to a severe examination, but he evinced a minute familiarity with the antecedents of that portion of the history of the Tichborne family with which he claims to be concerned, previous to his alleged departure from England.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The following ladies have passed at this university the recent examinations for special certificates of higher proficiency:—Latin: Jane Ellen Harrison, Ladies' College, Cheltenham; Kate Spiller, private study. French: Mary Anne Belcher, Ladies' College, Cheltenham; Anna Gertrude Eaton, Ladies' College, Cheltenham; Esther Lilwall Greatbatch, North London Collegiate School for Ladies. Natural Philosophy and Chemistry: Jane Ellen Harrison, Ladies' College, Cheltenham. Harmony and Counterpoint: Esther Lilwall Greatbatch, North London Collegiate School for Ladies.

MRS. NOEL-THATCHER, a past student of the Ladies' Medical College, London, lately read before the Victoria Discussion Society an interesting paper, entitled "Woman's Place in Medical Practice." The Earl of Shaftesbury was to have taken the chair, but was obliged to send an apology at the last moment. The view advocated by Mrs. Noel-Thatcher was that the obstetric and allied cases among women and children constitute the branch of practice most suitable and practicable as a sphere of employment for educated women. The paper also drew attention to the facilities afforded to women by the Female Medical Society for acquiring this branch of practice, and pointed out that it would prove a stopping-station for other fields of medical practice. An animated discussion ensued.

MRS. BROWN is resolved not to be weary in well doing. It will be remembered that, when the first talk of opening a Hamilton-place, Piccadilly, arose, Mrs. Brown offered £40,000 for the preservation of that aristocratic *cul-de-sac*. Having failed in her attempt, that lady is resolved to make the new thoroughfare as attractive as possible, and, we are reliably informed, has invited the most eminent sculptors of the day to supply designs for a fountain to be erected at the end of the place, at a cost of from £1,000 to £6,000. The choice both of subject and material is left to the discretion of the artists. Those invited to compete are M^{rs}. J. Birnie Philip, Noble, Bell, Thornycroft, and Armstrong. The strongest of all, Mrs. Brown has appointed Mr. Ayrton as arbitrator.

Our Notes and Queries.

DORA wishes to be informed whether there is any law or custom by which domestic servants can insist upon having hot meat for dinner every day? She keeps a cook, housemaid, parlourmaid, and page, and one day recently they objected to cold joints, although Dora and her husband had both been satisfied to dine off them.

WHAT should be the average weekly amount of the butcher's bill in a family of nine persons, consisting of my husband, myself, an old gentleman, four children, aged two, four, six, and eight years, and two servants? We eat a great deal of fish, but very seldom poultry or game. I cannot keep my bill below £2 5s.; but although I am unable to discover that there is any waste, I think this is too much.—**WOULD-BE ECONOMIST.**

A YOUNG STUDENT has much pleasure in informing Laura Bell that the lines she quotes are to be found in Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," but that she has made a mistake in the spelling of the proper name. It should be Philisides not Philisides. The name was invented by the author for himself and is simply a compound of Philip and Sidney, with a Latin termination added.

Le Philosophe Inconnu, inquired after by S. C. H. in your last number was Louis Claude de Saint Martin, a French mystic, who was born 1743 and died in 1803. **FANNY FAULING.**

THE MAID OF ATHENS has forwarded us a most elaborate itinerary for misfortune which we will forward to her by post if she will send a stamped directed envelope to this office.

FAIR ROSAMOND wishes to know who first entitled Sir Walter Scott the great magician.

PHYLLIS would be very much obliged to any of our readers who will inform her where she can find a short translation of the legend of Gudrum or who will tell her the story.

The Merry Hour.

A LITTLE girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers for her father, said to a young companion near her, "you are very lucky, you are; your papa has only got one leg."

The right kind of timber for castles in the air—sunbeams.

WHAT is the difference between an auction and sea sickness?—One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail. And why do physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else?—Because they are more liable to see sickness.

NEVER trust a secret with a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her aunt Hannah, and aunt Hannah will impart it as a profound secret to all her female relations and acquaintances.

"TAKE off your bonnet and spend the afternoon, my dear Mrs. Slow. We are going to have tableaux to-night and I am sure you will enjoy them." "Law sakes, I thought I smelt something good a-cooking, and think I will stop until after supper."

A LITTLE girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses: "She had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot."

AN American female lecturer says:—"Get married, young men, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millennium, for the girls to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel, wouldn't you, you blockheads?"

WATERING-PLACES that remain open all winter.—The mouths of milk-cans.

The lady whose blood curdled in her veins has ever since been very sour in her disposition.

rated with moisture, so that the atmosphere may be thoroughly charged with humidity. This will be a better plan than giving them copious waterings overhead, for none but the strong growers will stand it with impunity.

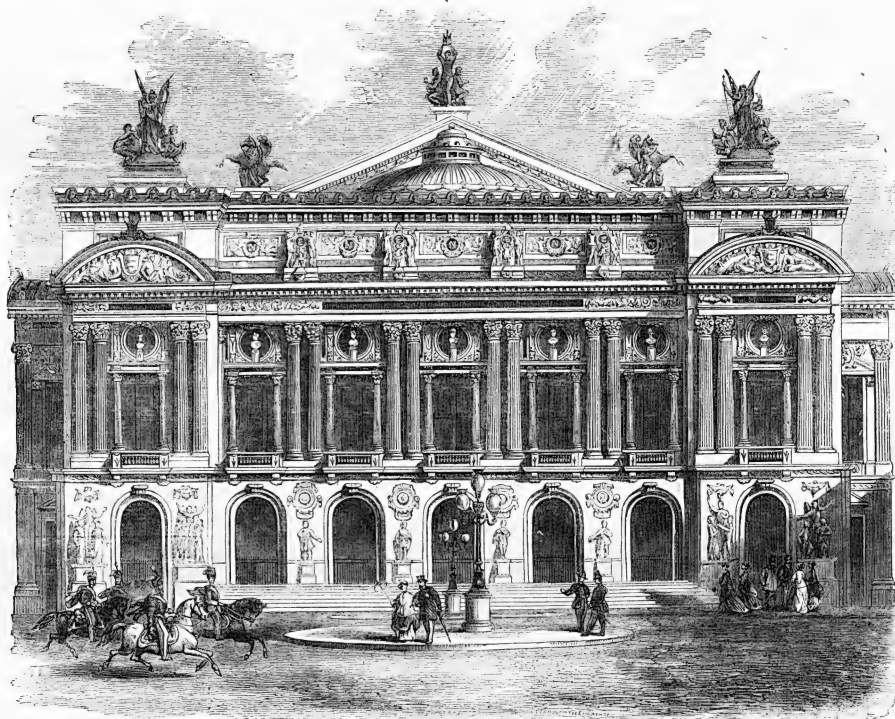
FRAMES.—The early Hymenitis that were planted out will begin to ripen now. As the foliage begins to turn yellow lessen the supply of water, and finally withhold altogether. When the foliage is quite dead, take up the bulbs and store them away for autumn planting. Pansies that were recently cut down must be watered with great care; for if they have too much before they get into full growth again, then chances to one but what a large proportion will go off, especially if they have had much manure-water beforehand.—*Gardeners' Magazine.*

THE LUCINA OR MATERNAL PILL.

Prepared from the formula of one of the most eminent Physician-Accoucheurs of the present century. This medicine ensures a wonderful alleviation of pain to the mother, and promotes the healthy development of the infant. Full particulars with each box of the Pills. Prepared and Sold by SIMMONS and Co., 14, Southampton-row, London, W.C., and sold by Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Free by post for 14 or 33 stamps.

"I had been several days suffering from diarrhoea, accompanied with intense pain, when a fellow-traveller recommended to me so strongly Davis's Pain Killer that I tried it, and got instant relief, and I can do no better than recommend it as strongly to any so afflicted.—Hy. J. NOONE (Clement and Co.), Burton-on-Trent, Nov. 1868.—To Perry Davis and Son."

THE WEDDING DAY.—The most elegant arrangements can be made with marquees and tents, beautifully fitted up for the breakfast and the dance, by Benjamin Edgington. Estimates given for all parts of the Kingdom. Address for designs to 2, Duke-street, London-bridge.



THE FACADE OF THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Our Exchange.

[For Regulations, &c., see our number for April 15]

I HAVE a quantity of modern dance music which I wish to exchange for others. I should like Mendelssohn or Beethoven.—**MATILDA.**

I WANT to exchange a handsome Paisley shawl, as good as new, for a baby's hood and cloak. Must be of the very best quality.—**H. C. B.**

I HAVE several volumes of the "Young Ladies' Journal" which I should like to exchange for anything useful. Open to offers.—**JULIA PATTY.**

HAS any reader got a good coral necklace, for which I have many useful things, which I should be willing to give in exchange up to value.—**DOUBTFUL.**

MAUD EMERSON wishes to exchange a garnet and opal ring, very handsome, for a good album and collection of photographs, actresses and artists preferred.

H. S. C. wants a portable billiard table, would give in exchange a croquet set, Parkins and Gatto's best make, and some other things.

I SHOULD like to get a complete set of Dickens's works. I have many books, among them Sir Walter Scott's and Thackeray's, which I would offer in return.—**CLARA.**

Letters have been received for, and forwarded to Chilli, F. H. Denham, and J. B. We have several letters for Louisa Smith, but we find that she neglected to give us her address, and we overlooked the omission.

"More than a year ago one of my children was attacked with bronchitis, and, after a long illness, was given up by my physician as past cure. I was then induced to try your Pain Killer, and leave off all other medicines, and from the time I commenced the use of it the child rapidly got better, and is now strong and healthy.—**JOHN WINSTANLEY, 10, Whittle-street, Liverpool, Jan., 1869.—To P. Davis and Son.**"

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

(FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.)

FLOWER GARDEN.—Bedding plants will now require frequent attention, to regulate the growth and display the bloom. Peg Verbenas, Petunias, and others of a trailing habit as soon as they need it, so that the surface of the bed may be covered as speedily as possible. Where necessary to water, soak the ground well. Propagate violets by dividing. Pansies by cuttings, Pinks by layers, and any summer-flowering plants wanted for late bloom under glass. Tritomas, Liliums, Ixias, and other Cape bulbs require plenty of water now they are growing freely. Dahlias to be staked at once, for the young shoots are particularly brittle, and a sudden gust of wind may destroy the plant, or deprive it of a large portion of its growth.

PLANT-HOUSES.—**GREENHOUSE.**—The principal part of the Azaleas will now be out of bloom. In the first place, remove the whole of the seed-pots as carefully, and then give the plants a good washing with the syringe, and place them in an intermediate house where they can have more warmth and atmospheric moisture, and less air, than in the ordinary greenhouse. Fly the syringe freely on the afternoons of fine days and shut up early, and smoke if the foliage is in any way infested with thrips. The foliage must be dry when fumigated, or the smoke will probably catch the young growing tips, and turn them brown. Plants which flowered early and have finished their growth can now go out of doors to ripen their wood. Shift Camellias that have done growing; give plenty of air night and day, and discontinue syringing as the flower-buds swell, or they will probably start into leaf-growth. Ericas, Chorozemas, Tetrathecas, Leschenaultias, and others of like habit, should be removed to cold pits where they can get an abundance of air, but be protected from heavy rains.

STOVE.—Shift Gesneras, Luculias, Poinsettias, Thysanocanthus, and kindred subjects for winter bloom. Young plants of Ixoras, Rogerias, and Rondeletias that need repotting ought to have the required shift at once, to enable them to get well rooted before winter. Keep everything about Ferns and Lycopods well satu-

The ladies are respectfully solicited to make a trial of the GLENFIELD STARCH, which they will find to be far superior to any starch for dressing laces, linens, &c. It is now used in all laundries, from the cottage to the palace, and when once tried is found to be indispensable. When you ask for Glenfield Starch, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profits.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled—JAMES EPPS and Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also, makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin beverage for evening use.

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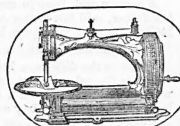
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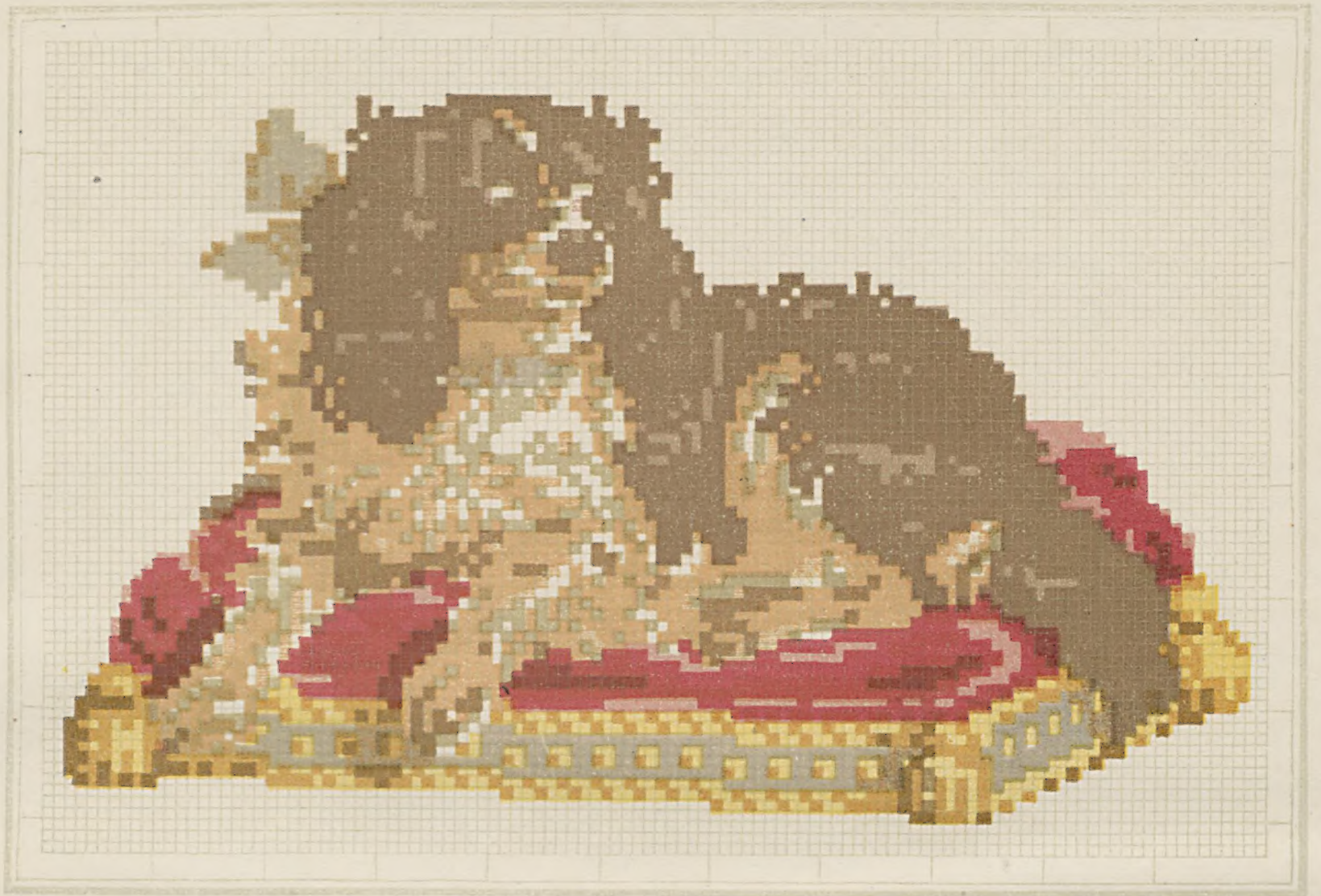
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